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THE MIRACLE-PLAYS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE are few illustrations to be met with of the state of society in the middle ages more striking than those furnished by what are commonly called the "Miracle-Plays." It is well known how popular they were in every Christian country during the mediæval period. To them our modern drama traces its beginning; and thus, however demoralised and irreligious it may now have become, its infancy and youth were none the less fostered in the bosom of the Church, and its first essays made as a servant on the steps of the altar. In this respect the dramatic art forms no exception to the rest of its sister arts. In the times of pagan antiquity the intimate relations between religion and the drama were never interrupted. They went hand in hand alike in their days of glory and disgrace. Religion equally inspired the rude performances of Thespis, the sublime tragedies of Sophocles, and the profligate orgies of the Roman circus. With an eye to the last it was that the early fathers of the Church, such as Tertullian, St. Cyprian, and St. Augustine, penned their eloquent denunciations of the stage. And undoubtedly such were the revolting immoralities and cruelties involved in the degenerate heathen drama of those times, that no language seemed strong enough to brand them with the infamy they deserved.

Meanwhile other holy doctors and prelates sought to enlist dramatic composition in the cause of Christianity. The most illustrious example of this was St. Gregory Nazianzen, Archbishop of Constantinople in the fourth century, who is well known to have composed both tragedies and comedies, in imitation of Euripides and Menander, on subjects drawn from Holy Writ. A tragedy of his times in Greek, on the subject of our Blessed Lord's Passion, is still extant, and by many learned men is ascribed to St. Gregory, but not, as it would

appear as yet, on sufficient grounds. Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, a contemporary of St. Gregory Nazianzen, also wrote a series of classical plays on sacred subjects for the use of the schools in his diocese. In the reign of Charlemagne, the Abbot Angilbert is related to have composed religious dramas under the auspices of that great emperor. One of his pieces in Latin verse on the birth of our Saviour still survives.

In the tenth century flourished Roswitha, Abbess of the Benedictine convent of Gaudersham in Saxony. This extraordinary woman would have passed for a prodigy of learning in any age. Besides being a perfect mistress of Greek and Latin, and thoroughly versed in the literatures of both those languages, she produced a variety of works of her own; poems, for example, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, the legends of the Saints, and the actions of the Emperor Otho II.; but especially six religious comedies in Latin in imitation of Terence. In the preface to these comedies she says, that as many Catholics in her day were very fond of reading Terence, on account of his elegant style, and by so doing learned a great deal of wickedness from an author who made the dissolute behaviour of loose women the subject of his compositions, she resolved to imitate Terence in an opposite spirit, for the honour of God and true virtue. "It has been my endeavour," says she, "to the best of my small abilities (*juxta mei facultatem ingenii*), to celebrate the victories of chastity, and especially those victories in which female weakness triumphs, and man's brutality is reduced to shame." We should bear in mind that it is the tenth century here spoken of, the very depth of the "benighted middle ages," in which it thus appears that Catholics were accustomed to read Terence on account of his classical beauties of style, and that a cloistered nun existed so imbued with classical literature as to undertake to enter the lists with the fascinating Roman poet himself. The plot of one of Roswitha's comedies, all of which are extant, is as follows. Abraham, a pious hermit, educates in his cell an orphan niece named Mary. She, however, grows tired of his holy counsels on reaching her twentieth year, and escapes from the hermitage to the city. Here she is seduced, and lodged in a house of ill-fame, where she pursues her career of sin. One day a new lover calls to see her, of a graver appearance than usual. His face is shaded by a large hat, and he is wrapped in a military cloak. Mary is seized by an unwonted feeling of shame and alarm, so that she can hardly maintain her self-possession. On entering her chamber, the unknown visitor exclaims aside: "Alas, the abyss in which the unhappy creature is plunged!" Then he reveals himself, and Mary sinks

speechless on the floor as she recognises her old preceptor, her uncle Abraham. The holy man now acts the good shepherd in the Gospel, and carries home repentant and saved the lost sheep to the fold.*

About the same time that Roswitha composed her religious comedies with an eye to the learned world, the clergy began in a similar spirit to devise sacred plays and spectacles for the common people, who, Christian though they were, still took delight, for want of better, in numerous old heathen shows and buffooneries of the most demoralising kind, especially as exhibited by strolling actors at fairs and markets. In composing pieces of a pious tendency to counteract the evil, recourse was had to the dramatic elements comprised in the liturgy and usages of the Church, which in this manner formed the germ of the mediæval miracle-plays. From the earliest times the dramatic tone of the Church ritual has always been strongly pronounced. In the sermons of St. Epiphanius, Archbishop of Salamis, in the fourth century, we find that it was the custom to celebrate Palm-Sunday in his day with games and dances, in the midst of which an impersonation of our Saviour rode in triumph on an ass through the towns and villages.† At the Epiphany the star of the three kings was accustomed to play its part in the solemnities of the day. Not less dramatic were the festive processions to the graves of the martyrs, mentioned by St. Augustine;‡ above all, the *agapæ*, or love-feasts, of the primitive Church, at which the ceremony of washing the feet, in imitation of our Saviour, took place. In Holy Week, at this day, the service of Tenebræ, the ceremonies of Good Friday and Holy Saturday, with the singing of the Passion, in which one priest takes the part of Christ, another of the Apostles, whilst the choir represent the Jewish people, are all as dramatic as they well could be. The ordinary of the Mass itself, what is it but a bloodless repetition of the tremendous tragedy of Mount Calvary? How dramatic, too, is the order of its ceremonial! From the Introit to the Credo we have represented, as it were, the preparation and sanctification of the sacrificer, who ascends the holy mountain; next, till the Canon, the oblation; after which, from the Elevation till the Paternoster, the bloodless sacrifice itself is celebrated, followed by the laying in the sepulchre at the Holy Communion; finally, the Thanksgiving and Blessing; the whole performed by the priest and his assistants arrayed in proper costume, the several parts of which, and even the very colours

* Onésime le Roy, *Etudes sur les Mystères*, chap. i.

† Epiphanius Opp. tom. ii. pp. 251, 258. (ed. Petav. Paris, 1622.)

‡ August. Sermon. 311, in Natal. div. Cypriani.

chosen, have their symbolical meaning. In like manner, the series of great yearly festivals, in the order they follow each other, may be considered as so many acts of one great drama, each intended to represent some passage in the life of our Blessed Lord. First, we have in Advent the introduction or prologue; at Christmas, the birth of Jesus is celebrated; Holy Innocents and the Epiphany present us with the principal events of His childhood; the various festivals which immediately precede and follow Easter unfold to us the principal circumstances of the passion and resurrection, while the Ascension forms the concluding act of the Hero's divine career. On these very festivals, in fact, with the addition of Corpus Christi, it was the universal custom in the middle ages to perform those miracle-plays which had the life and death of our Lord for their subject.

The earliest forms of miracle-plays, agreeably to their liturgical origin, appear to have consisted of Latin recitative, and were entirely performed by the clergy within the church. Rhymed verses in the vernacular were added afterwards. It was done to explain and amplify the Latin scriptural text for the common people. One of the oldest examples is preserved in a fragmentary state in the Imperial Library at Paris. It is written in Latin and Provençale. Its subject is the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. In the Latin part the solemn choral style prevails, and imparts to it quite the tone of a Church-office. Thus, the piece opens with the verses of the Bridegroom: *Adest sponsus qui est Christus. Vigilate, virgines. Pro adventu ejus gaudent et gaudebunt homines.* Here we have the closest connection with the Church ritual. The dialogue in Provençale, on the other hand, shows the rise of the secular drama,—the transition from the church to the theatre. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins was throughout the middle ages a very favourite subject of dramatic representation. In 1322, as an old German chronicle relates, it was acted by the Dominican friars of Eisenach before the Landgrave Frederic of Thuringia. There had been a long feud between the landgrave and his states, who were now reconciled, and the miracle-play was given to celebrate the event. The subject chosen, however, proved an unlucky one for the occasion; for on the foolish virgins in vain begging some oil from the wise ones, and then, after going out to buy some, returning too late, and finding the door shut, which the bridegroom refused to open for them, they began to weep bitterly, and to call on the Saints to intercede for them. But neither the Saints, nor even Mary, the Mother of all compassion, could in any wise soften the sentence of condemnation passed against

them. At this the landgrave began to be uneasy, and to doubt within himself; and shaking his head, cried out in an angry voice, "What, then, is the Christian faith worth, if God will not have mercy on us at the intercession of Mary and all the Saints?" It took five days, says the old chronicler, to convince his highness of his error, and get him to understand the true meaning of the Gospel.

It is not exactly known when the performance of the miracle-plays was transferred from the interior of churches to stages erected in the open air. It would no doubt take place as soon as the Latin choral element ceased to predominate, and the vernacular part of the dialogue, assuming more and more a secular character, took the lead. Pope Innocent III. would seem to have thought, as early as 1210, that the wearing of masks and the use of much grotesque gesticulation were by no means in keeping with the inside of a church, or befitting the dignity of the priesthood. Hence in that year he issued a prohibition against all dramatic exhibitions within the walls of a church, and against the clergy appearing in the character of actors. His example was followed by various synods held about the same time. The abuse appears, in consequence, to have ceased pretty generally. Still, frequent examples, both of the use of churches for miracle-plays, and of priests appearing as actors, continued to occur as late as the sixteenth century. Thus, we read of King Alphonsus of Naples, in the year 1452, assisting with all his court at a gorgeous religious play in the church of St. Clara of that city.

In the thirteenth century confraternities were established in all large towns for the regular performance of miracle-plays, especially the passion and death of our Saviour. Such were the confraternities del Gonfalone at Rome, the Battutti at Treviso, the Confrérie de la Passion at Paris, and the Guild of Corpus Christi at York. The canons of Treviso formally agreed to supply the Battutti every year with two priests to play the parts of our Blessed Lady and the angel Gabriel.

The theatrical apparatus employed in getting up a miracle-play was of a gigantic and gorgeous character. It was commonly set up either in the churchyard, the court of a convent, or the public market-place. The stage, a movable one on four or even six wheels, was divided into three compartments or stories, one above another, the uppermost of which represented heaven, where God Almighty was seated, and the throne of the Blessed Trinity stood surrounded by saints and angels. The lowest compartment represented hell, shaped like a dragon, from whose expanded jaws the devils made their appearance on the scene. In the middle, between heaven and hell, the

earth and purgatory were situated. The actors, when not actually engaged in their parts, sat or stood in a half-circle on the boards. Those who played God the Father, the angels and apostles, were arrayed in priestly vestments—our Saviour always as a bishop. The benches for the spectators were ranged in rows, one above another, and, according to their situation, received the same names as the different compartments of the stage. Thus, the loftiest seats of all were called paradise. It is doubtless a remnant of this custom, that in our English theatres at the present day we still call the occupants of the gallery in popular language “the gods,” and designate the lowest seats, on which they look down, “the pit.” No effort of art was spared on the machinery and scenic decorations. Heaven was often elaborately painted with the sun, moon, and stars, and all the signs of the zodiac. Sometimes it was painted all of flame, with the words “*Cælum empyreum*” inscribed upon it. An artist who had painted heaven for a miracle-play of the Passion performed at Saumur in France, went about boasting of his work to every one: “there,” said he, “is the finest heaven you ever yet saw, or ever will see.” Real flames were employed in giving effect to the terrible scenery of hell and the last judgment. The expenditure incurred for it in England proves this fact in a manner amusing enough, after the lapse of so many hundred years. For example: “Item payd for mending of hell’s mouth, ij^d. Item payd for kepyng of fire at hell’s mouth, iiij^d, and for setting the world on fire, v^d.” Another or two of these characteristic charges, taken at random, are as follows: “Item payd for a gyrdle for God, iiij^d. Item payd for skouring of Maries crown, j^d. Item payd to Fawston for hanging Judas, iiij^d. Item to ditto for cock-crowing, iiij^d. Item payd to two wormes of conscience, xvi^d,” &c.* The performance of a miracle-play usually commenced about noon, and not unfrequently lasted several days. In 1547 we read of one acted at Valenciennes which was divided into no less than twenty-four days.† The number of actors was often very great, in many instances amounting to three or four hundred persons. Neither were they all by any means of a professional character hired for the occasion, but included priests and laymen of the first rank, prompted by a religious motive. At the opening of the play the whole troop intoned the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. Then came forward the *Expositor ludi*, as some saint, or even as “the old heathen” Virgil, and delivered a prologue explanatory of the time, place, and moral of the miracle-play

* Thomas Sharpe’s Dissertation on Pageants, pp. 26, 36, 56, 57, 68, 73, 74.

† Onés. le Roy, Etudes, &c. chap. iv.

about to be presented. At the conclusion *Te Deum* was sung, in which both actors and spectators equally joined.

No doubt a theatrical display like this will seem strange enough to our present feelings and tastes. Modern writers, indeed, with very few exceptions, if they go beyond a cold antiquarian spirit in treating the subject, only do so to set it in a mean and ludicrous light, as if it were capable of no other. They can pardon a hundred defects in Shakspeare's dramatic works, for the sake of the wonderful genius those works display. But the faults and drawbacks of the old miracle-plays are such, it would seem, as entirely to shut out their peculiar merits from view; I mean their sublime purport and significance, the marvellous depth of conception with which they so frequently wrought up the whole life of man into a symbol of the greatest event in the history of the world. If we but fairly consider them in this their true light, and then in imagination transport ourselves to the times when they used to be performed, taking our seat among the vast crowd of spectators, all inspired by one intense feeling of faith in what they are assembled to see, the actors equally so in what they represent; if, in addition to the picturesque costumes and gorgeous decorations which dazzle our eyes, we drink in with our ears the solemn harmonies of the Church-song floating in the air above us like strains from an invisible world,—surely our cause of wonder will not be that dramatic entertainments of this description should become every where national in the poetic middle ages, but rather that, after such a beginning, we in our day should have degenerated in thought so low as complacently to tolerate the pernicious and absurd frivolities which make up the staple of our modern stage.

In Catholic England miracle-plays were popular at a very early date, and still continued to be performed as late as the end of the sixteenth century. William Fitzstephen, describing "the most noble city of London" in the twelfth century, remarks, that "instead of profane theatrical spectacles and scenic plays, it had plays of a more sacred kind, representations of miracles wrought by holy confessors, or representations of the torments by which the constancy of the martyrs was glorified." Matthew of Paris, in his *Vitæ Abbatum*, also relates, that about the same period, Geoffry, a schoolmaster at Dunstable, afterwards Abbot of St. Alban's, had a miracle-play of the life of St. Catherine performed at the former place by his pupils, on occasion of his assuming the management of the school, adding, that this was nothing uncommon, but agreeable to ancient usage. In the thirteenth century especially, after Pope Urban IV. had instituted the feast of Corpus Christi

(A.D. 1262), miracle-plays were acted regularly in every town and village in England. The text of many of these plays is still preserved in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and elsewhere, particularly the different series acted at Chester, Widkirk Abbey, and Coventry. Those at Chester were first performed in 1268, and did not wholly cease till 1598. They were exhibited every year in Whitsun-week, under the auspices of the various trades of the city, at the market-cross and other public places. The subjects of all these plays are entirely taken from Scripture. In the words of Payne Collier,* they "go through the principal incidents of the Old and New Testaments;" in proof of which assertion he subjoins the titles of all the plays contained in the different series above mentioned. Thus, the Chester series includes twenty-four plays, the Coventry series forty-two, and the Widkirk series thirty; all beginning with the creation of the world, and ending with the last judgment.† How complete a refutation does not this fact afford of the standing Protestant calumny that in the old Catholic times the people were kept in ignorance of the Bible! At a period when the art of printing was unknown in Europe, and books laboriously copied by the hand were necessarily too expensive for any one to purchase except the wealthy few, what possible means could have been devised better calculated to spread a knowledge of the Scriptures among the masses than the periodically-recurring performance in the market-place of dramatic works like the old miracle-plays, designed expressly to illustrate the most important scriptural truths and events? Thanks to the progress of historical science of late years, the truth is now becoming more and more generally admitted, that so far from the Bible having been a sealed book to the people in the middle ages, its inspired contents were much more familiar to their minds, as well as more deeply impressed upon their hearts, than has ever been the case since; incomparably more so than in Protestant England at the present day.

We have already alluded to the guild of Corpus Christi at York. It was instituted in 1250, and lasted till 1584. All the trades of the city without exception belonged to it, and were obliged every one to furnish at its own expense a miracle-play or sacred pageant for the yearly procession. At first these exhibitions appear to have formed part of the procession itself, and to have given it such variety and splendour as rendered it the most brilliant of any in England. Vast crowds of strangers used in consequence to resort to it from all parts

* *Annals of the Stage, and History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 137.

† *Ibid.* pp. 137-139.

of the country. Of course great numbers in so promiscuous a gathering would consist of mere sightseers, intent on enjoyment, and but little guided by that tone of mind requisite to obtain the indulgence granted by the Pope then, as well as now, for devoutly assisting at such solemnities. Hence we read of much rioting and excess taking place at several of the York processions in those days. The blame was laid on the pageants of the guild, and so they were suppressed for a time. Their revival took place in 1426, at the instance of William de Merton, a Franciscan friar, who styled himself "professor of sacred pageantry," and who preached a series of sermons at York on behalf of the guild. He recommended that in future its plays and pageants should not be incorporated in the procession as formerly, but should be exhibited on the vigil of Corpus Christi. By this means, he said, the abuses they used to give rise to would be obviated. His views were approved by the mayor and magistrates, who summoned a meeting of the citizens to consider the subject. It took place the 10th of June of the above-named year. The result was a solemn proclamation on behalf of the king, the mayor and sheriffs, restoring the miracle-plays and pageants of the guild of Corpus Christi; but ordering that they should be exhibited on the eve of the feast, and the procession held on the day of the feast. Among other stringent regulations laid down was one requiring all women of loose character to quit the city during the octave on pain of imprisonment.*

The strong liability to abuse was a salient feature in the miracle-plays. On this account they often incurred the severe censures of the clergy. They were often prohibited altogether when no attention was paid to the warnings given. The evil arose out of the mixture of comic and serious which those plays by degrees involved. This at first was productive of no harm; the one vein only served as a foil to the other as long as due measure was kept, and the earnest feeling of faith in every one concerned remained steadfast and pure. But it was otherwise when, as not unfrequently happened, the grave and sacred parts of the piece were over-run, and driven into the background by the profusion of comic scenes and conceits, merely introduced to raise laughter for laughter's sake. The scenes and interludes from the Old Testament were commonly spiced with much broad comedy, as, for instance, where Noah builds his ark, and fills it with the various tribes of animals, but cannot get his wife to enter it with him; she setting his authority at defiance in the most termagant style possible, swearing by Christ and St. John she will not desert her "good

* *Ancient Mysteries* described, by William Hone, pp. 211, 212.

gossypes" and go on board. In vain he bids her in no unpoetical terms "behold the heavens, how all the cataracts, both great and small, are open, how the seven planets have quitted their stations, and thunders and lightnings are striking down the strong halls and bowers, castles and towers." The dispute between the pair lasts a long time, till, after much scolding and coaxing, the husband reduces his refractory wife to obedience. The history of Noah in the old miracle-plays always included this farcical quarrel, more or less varied. Many other scenes equally harmless and absurd might be pointed out. Even the miracle-play of our Lord's Passion was not without its standing comic parts. One of these was Mary Magdalen, previous to her conversion, dancing before her looking-glass, singing light songs, and flirting with a crowd of gay admirers. Another was Judas, especially when haggling about the thirty pieces of silver with Caiphas, who sought to pay him in bad coin. Then there was King Herod, a character of the "ancient Pistol" stamp, who came on vowing annihilation against that "mysbegotten murmossette" Christ, and threatening to kill every one that made the least noise. On his death by suicide, however, King Herod was often made to convey an awful lesson. For while on the upper stage you saw his body conveyed in a gilded coffin to the tomb, with all the pomp of a royal funeral, you beheld at the same time on the lower stage his soul horribly tormented in the flames of hell.

But the great comic personage of the old miracle-plays was the devil himself, who, much against his will, had always to excite the mirth and derision of the spectators. This he usually did as the overwise devil, the poor devil, or the stupid devil; for in the middle ages it was by no means the fashion to clothe him in such imposing attributes as we are accustomed to do at the present day, in consequence of Milton's sublime delineation of his character in *Paradise Lost*. Far from anticipating in the least that striking apotheosis of the arch-enemy of God and man which it is undoubtedly the peculiar merit of the great Protestant poet to have imagined and wrought out in his immortal work, our Catholic forefathers, in their simplicity, clearly had no other conception of him, nor wished to have any, than that of a being who should only excite feelings of unmitigated horror, disgust, and contempt. Hence, instead of exhibiting him as

"—— Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
And godlike imitated state,"*

* *Paradise Lost*, book ii.

they produced him to public view as a hideous cloven-footed monster, dressed in feathers or shaggy hair, horned and tailed to correspond, with an excessively wide mouth, staring eyes, a huge bottle-nose, and red beard, flourishing a pitchfork, and roaring out his "Ho! ho! ho!" as the traditional cry assigned to him and his fellow-demons. Moreover, he was often dogged at the heels by an allegorical impersonation of vice, who was a leading merry-andrew of the scene. "It was a pretty part in the old church-plays," says a quaint author named Harsenet, writing on this subject in 1603, "when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jack-an-apes into the devil's neck and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so vice-haunted." Surely a sight not less farcical than significant!

The following amusing story is also related in connection with this grotesque costume of the devil. It once happened that the part was played in a miracle-play at a town in Suffolk by a man named John Adroyne, who resided at an adjacent village. When the play was over, he set off home in the evening wearing his theatrical costume, because he had no change of clothes. On his way he passed through a rabbit-warren belonging to the squire of his village. A gang of poachers were just then busily at work ferreting out the rabbits. They no sooner saw John Adroyne approaching in "the devyl's rayment" than they thought it was really the devil come to fetch them for their evil deeds, and ran away. In their hurry and confusion, they left their horse laden with rabbits behind them. John Adroyne, on perceiving what had taken place, mounted the horse, and rode forwards to the squire's house with the intention of restoring the rabbits to their lawful owner and getting rewarded for so doing. On reaching the mansion, he knocked at the gates for admittance. A servant, calling out "Who's there?" presently opened them, but closed them again directly on catching a glimpse of John Adroyne in his ominous disguise. In the utmost alarm the man ran to his master with the news that the devil was at the gates and wanted to come in. On hearing this the squire sent another servant to inquire who it was. He, however, durst not open the gates like the first, but cried out in a loud voice "Who's there?" In an equally loud voice John Adroyne answered that he must needs speak to the squire immediately, or he would go away. Trembling from head to foot, the servant delivered this message to his master, declaring that in truth the devil was at the gates, sitting on a horse laden with souls; and doubtless was come for his worship's soul, which, unless

he got, he would not depart. The squire now felt frightened like the rest, and sent for the chaplain to come directly with holy water and a crucifix. They then proceeded with as many more as had courage to the gates, where the chaplain in a solemn tone of voice cried out: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I command and charge thee in God's holy name to tell me wherefore thou comest hither." Here-upon John Adroyne, perceiving the error they were in about his identity, made answer: "Nay, fear me not. I am a good devil. I am John Adroyne, your neighbour here in the village, who acted the devil to-day in the play. I am only come to restore his honour a dozen rabbits which have been poached from the warren." John's voice was now at once recognised. Forthwith he was admitted within the gates, and the rest of the evening, till a late hour, devoted by the squire to a merry commemoration of the event.

The comic humour which enlivened the miracle-plays, and but too often disgraced them by its excesses, reminds us of another extraordinary display of its exuberance in such religious masquerades as the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, and the Feast of the Boy-bishop. For it is well known that these and similar feasts were kept in France and England, as well as elsewhere, during the middle ages. This, however, should only be understood in a strictly local sense, as they never prevailed generally in any country. Neither were they allowed to subsist at all longer than could be helped. They undoubtedly drew their origin from the times of the earlier converts from idolatry to Christianity, numbers of whom still adhered, in spite of their new faith, to a variety of heathen festivities, from the enjoyment of which they could not be weaned, especially on such holidays of the Church as coincided with the old heathen ones. On this account, while the more inflexible sticklers for Church-discipline endeavoured to suppress violently all such pagan customs and follies, men like Pope Gregory the Great, for example, adopted a milder policy, by allowing them to subsist, and seeking to give them a Christian tendency. His own epistles show how he acted on this policy towards our Saxon ancestors on their first conversion to Christianity under his auspices, when he expressly enjoined St. Austin to permit the new converts to kill their oxen as usual, and hold their wonted banquets under the tents of wicker-work around the church on the festivals of the martyrs in honour of God. "For it is impossible," writes he, "to obtain every thing from difficult minds all at once; and he who will needs climb up a lofty eminence does not reach the top by leaping."

The Feast of Fools existed from the earliest ages, especially in France, and appears to have been designed to supersede the heathen Saturnalia, being celebrated at the same season of the year, about Christmas, and partaking of a similar character. For as during the Saturnalia the relations of master and slave were reversed, and equality and license prevailed among all ranks in honour of the golden age, so at the Feast of Fools the bishop and canons descended from their throne and stalls in the church, and allowed the choristers, the inferior clergy, and the lowest of the people to take their places and assume their rank and insignia, in commemoration of those words in the *Magnificat*, "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*," which were intoned on the occasion. Hence this feast was also called the Feast of Deposit.* In England it went by the name of the Boy-bishop's Feast, because the choir-boy of lowest rank was usually promoted to the bishop's throne, where he appeared with mitre and crozier, surrounded by his mock canons, at the head of whom he paraded the streets. Salisbury Cathedral, in particular, appears to have been noted in its day for the Feast of the Boy-bishop celebrated within its walls. The Feast of the Ass commonly formed part of the solemnities of Palm-Sunday, when the people, in a sort of frenzy of holy joy, led an ass gaily adorned into the church, in honour of the ass on which our Saviour made His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, dancing around it, imitating its braying, and singing hymns in its praise. Another Feast of the Ass, involving still greater extravagances, referred to the prophet Balaam's ass.

No doubt the follies and disorders committed at these singular feasts, though generally very much exaggerated by modern writers on the subject, were in the main sincerely to be deplored. Still we ought not therefore to overlook the religious idea which, after all, inspired them. Those grotesque solemnities, too, attested in their way the great mission of the Catholic Church, which embraces the nature of man in its totality, and hence seeks to govern and pervade the joyous no less than the graver affections of his mind; in this respect standing in such contrast to Lutheranism, which only appeals to one side of human nature, and that a very dark and narrow one. For Lutheranism is the religion of despair, inasmuch as it denies free-will to man, and reduces him to a trembling helpless slave of sin, anxiously crouching beneath the imputed

* Onésime le Roy, *Etudes sur les Mystères*, chap. ii. See also *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Fête des Foux*, par Mons. de Tilliot. 1741. Lausanne.

merits of Christ as his forlorn hope against the vengeance of an angry God, whom no effort of virtue, however heroic, can propitiate, any more than if it were the greatest sin. Hence sour looks and long faces, as congenial marks of a religious frame of mind, first came into vogue at the Reformation. In the Catholic Church they never enjoyed that distinction, but were always looked upon with suspicion, and were very unpopular. It is so at the present day, and will continue to be so. It is absolutely necessary to keep in mind this characteristic of religious hilarity of heart innate in Catholicity, if we would form a just estimate of such purely Catholic virtues and vices, uses and abuses, as prevailed in the middle ages, and steer clear of those utterly frivolous and absurd conclusions arrived at by so many writers on the subject at the present day, in consequence of their approaching it, especially in England, enveloped in a dense mist of ignorance, prejudice, and self-conceit.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ST. OSWALD'S ;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SOMERSET FAMILY—AN EX-GUARDSMAN.

“SIR, I have no infirmities,” said Sir Reginald Somerset to a gentleman dressed in an ecclesiastical-looking suit of black, with a skull-cap upon his head, who was sitting in conversation with him in the drawing-room of Burleigh Manor.

“People with no infirmities are very often extremely disagreeable,” replied his companion. “I know your favourite motto, Sir Reginald,—*totus, teres, atque rotundus*; but it won't do, depend upon it.”

“Sir, do you mean to state that I am in error when I apply those words to myself and my family in general?” asked Sir Reginald, in a tone of wounded dignity and indignation.

"Oh, by all means apply it, if you like," said his friend. "It only occurred to me that it is a poor comparison for a man after all. A china tea-cup is *totus, teres, atque rotundus*; but it is cold clay nevertheless, and a tap shivers it into fragments."

"Sir, you forget yourself," exclaimed the baronet; "you are becoming intolerable."

"Well, Sir Reginald, I see I had better leave you in your present humour," said the other, rising to leave.

"Sir, you had," cried Sir Reginald, in the loudest tone of indignation which his magnificence of manner would permit.

"Then I wish you good morning," cried the visitor; adding, as he turned to two ladies, who had sat silent during the conversation, "Good morning, Lady Somerset; good morning, Mary." And so saying, he left the room.

The baronet rose, and strode from where he had been sitting to the bell-handle, and rang such a peal as startled the two ladies, and made the elder of them inquire—

"What is the matter, my dear? Pray don't be discomposed."

"Isabella!" rejoined the baronet, "the Somersets are never discomposed. I rang in order that the servants might attend Mr. Warrington to the door."

"If he moves as fast as usual, papa," observed the younger lady, "he will be out of the house before the servants have recovered themselves from their astonishment."

"Mary, my dear, you forget what is due to every visitor to this house. The rudeness even of an inferior should never lead us to forget the attentions which are due to him *and to ourselves*."

"Surely, papa, you don't consider Father Ambrose, or Mr. Warrington as you called him, an inferior?" said his daughter. "If we are as old as the Conquest, his family is older still: besides," she added, coming up to her father and gently patting him on one shoulder, "his grandfather did not marry an army-contractor's daughter."

Now if there were any two things in the world that more than others tended to irritate the generally good temper of the superb Sir Reginald Somerset, they were the mention of the army-contractor's daughter, and the being patted on the shoulder by his daughter. The former touched his family dignity; the latter his personal. On the present occasion he retreated a step or two from Miss Somerset's touch, and his handsome countenance grew several shades paler than was its wont. His wife saw that he was in no humour for trifling, and calling Mary to her, whispered that she had better go on

with her embroidery. Mary instantly obeyed; and a solemn silence remained unbroken for some time among the whole party.

Sir Reginald Somerset was, as his daughter had said, one of that class which is popularly described as having come over with the Conqueror. An ancestor of his had been made a baronet by King James; but at the time many of the family had thought the new honour rather a degradation than otherwise. He was a handsome, healthy, gentlemanly, proud man, about fifty years of age; and on the whole decidedly a fool. He was not by any means stupid or ignorant,—perhaps, taken altogether, he had the average brains of mankind,—but he so devoutly believed in pedigree, and especially in his own pedigree, that his abilities, such as they were, had seldom fair play; and he passed among clever people for a very magnificent and tedious noodle. As a study for the observer of human nature, he presented a few amusing peculiarities, the chief of which was, that what many people only ventured to think, he had no scruple in uttering aloud. Had he been a poor man, or a man who had to labour in any way for his living, his folly would have been wholesomely checked. But being a baronet, and a rich baronet, and having always prospered in life, and been worshipped by a host of simpletons, cowards, or sycophants, from his cradle upwards, he had never learnt the propriety of masking his pride under an appearance of humility. What other persons, therefore, quite as self-satisfied as he, would not dare to express, for fear of ridicule, Sir Reginald, in the sublimity of his pride, propounded to his fellow-creatures as oracles of truth and wisdom. In the whole course of his life it had never once occurred to him that he was being laughed at.

His wife, who was the daughter of a baron possessing one of the oldest titles in the kingdom, was very nearly as proud as himself; but she had less pomposity, which made her rather more agreeable, and an excessive passion for cats, birds, and all sorts of domesticatable animals, which made her at times forget her dignity and become supremely tiresome in a different way from her husband.

Their only child, Mary, was now about three-and-twenty; fair, with a fresh colour in her cheeks, and brown hair of unusual beauty, and altogether decidedly good-looking. She was at once the pride, the pleasure, and the torment of her august parents. She snapped her fingers at pedigree, shocked her father by her fondness for hunting, amazed her mother by her disregard for dancing, teased her maid by her thoughtlessness

in regard to dress, plagued the gardeners by gathering the rarest hot-house flowers by handfuls and then pulling them to pieces, and, to the horror of the entire household, was one day detected in the act of enticing a favourite old donkey up the grand staircase of Burleigh Manor. The only person who defended her at all times and seasons was the individual whose ancestors she had just been upholding against her father's disparagement.

Mr. Warrington, the religious who had the pastoral charge of the congregation attached to St. Oswald's, was an old friend of Sir Reginald's. They had both been at one time in the Guards, from which the baronet had been compelled to sell out, because his notions of his own dignity would not allow him to accommodate his steps to the marching-pace of a regiment. Warrington had remained in the army till middle-life, when he had left the world altogether, and entered as a novice into the monastery of St. Oswald, about a mile distant from Burleigh Manor. He was a thorough religious in heart and character, and, on the whole, in outward appearance also. But having entered the monastic state when rather advanced in years, old habits of tongue and temper were not yet thoroughly eradicated; and he now and then astonished the world without, and troubled his brothers within the monastery, by sundry demonstrations of opinion not altogether in keeping with his ecclesiastical profession. He was nevertheless a very fine fellow; and his self-humiliation for his occasional infirmities was as profound as it was sincere. As it happened, nothing tried his temper more than the ridiculous airs and pomposity of Sir Reginald; and they seldom were together for any length of time without poor Father Ambrose going away to fresh self-abasement for his want of charity towards the follies of his old companion and friend. People sometimes wondered that such a man as Father Ambrose could really count among his friends such a man as Sir Reginald; but the fact was, that he had, when young, been once the means of conferring a great benefit on the baronet; and as people are usually much interested in those to whom they have been of service, from that time the vigorous, animated, thorough-going Warrington had felt a really friendly interest in all the affairs of one who, in other circumstances, he would have laughed at as an absurd and empty-headed prig. Sir Reginald's daughter was, moreover, an especial favourite with the ex-guardsman. He saw the effects of the follies of her parents upon her warm and independent spirit, and to his friendly and pastoral conversations she owed it that her faults were all on the surface of her character, and that those whom

she often provoked by her little waywardnesses were rarely otherwise than kindly disposed towards her in their habitual feelings.

When the baronet began to feel the fumes of his indignation subside after his passage-at-arms just related with Father Ambrose, he betook himself to that spot where he was ever wont to solace himself with pleasant thoughts, and to soothe his temper to that degree of equable and delicious self-complacency which he found essential to the maintenance of his personal dignity in all the nobility of its unruffled calm. This spot was the picture-gallery of Burleigh Manor. Not that Sir Reginald cared a rush for pictures as works of art. He knew of but one use to which painting could be put by any reasonable man; namely, the perpetuating the features and costumes of great people and their ancestors. So far as art as such was concerned, he accounted a well-executed coat-of-arms on the panel of a carriage, or a richly-emblazoned genealogical tree, a nobler triumph of the pencil than the frescoes of Raffaele, and the lights and skies of Turner. He would not have exchanged the gallery of Burleigh Manor for all the master-pieces of Rome, Florence, Paris, Dresden, and Munich together. On the walls of that delightful apartment,—long and lofty, and with its polished floor of inlaid oak, puzzling the steps of any less practised promenader than the baronet,—hung a series of portraits of all the Somersets from time immemorial, who had enjoyed the honours of the headship of the family. No devout Catholic ever regarded a shrine or image of historic celebrity with more profound veneration than these pictures awoke in the mind of Sir Reginald, who was a Catholic, but not exactly a devout one. In them he beheld reflected, not only the glorious achievements of other days, but in each lineament of face and each varied splendour of costume he recognised a portion of himself. For were not all the virtues and all the honours of all the Somersets now concentrated in the living Sir Reginald? so that when he stood and looked at their effigies, he was in reality contemplating a representation of himself, in whom the glories of the past were concentrated and harmonised.

One picture alone there was on which the baronet never turned his affectionate glance. Was it because the personage represented was not sufficiently handsome in feature, or not arrayed in sufficiently gorgeous apparel? Or was it because it alone of the entire series was enclosed in a dingy and neglected frame, while all the rest of the frames had been repeatedly regilt and furbished up, so that they shone as

brightly as if they had just emerged from the carver-and-gilder's shop? Far from it. The dishonoured picture in question represented Sir Reginald's grandfather, who, as his own daughter had just chafed him by mentioning, had condescended to ally himself to an army-contractor's daughter with a fortune of only three hundred thousand pounds. This, thought Sir Reginald, was the only blot in his pedigree, the only drop of water in his blood. He never thought of the circumstance without a pang; and it is hardly too much to say, that he would have given a considerable slice of his ample property could he have obliterated this lamentable fact from the history of the past. But as the past could not be changed, Sir Reginald contented himself with never looking at the picture of his unhappy progenitor, with never having its frame regilt, and with never mentioning the name of the army-contractor's child in question, though she happened to have been his own grandmother.

On the present occasion, the very heavens themselves conspired to soothe the troubled soul of Sir Reginald. That part of the gallery-wall where hung the representation of his dishonoured ancestor happened to be very decidedly in the shade, while the sunbeams shone brilliantly upon the portrait of the most dearly beloved of all the departed Somersets; one to whom, in fact, Sir Reginald almost looked up as a sort of patron saint. This was Sir Willibald Somerset, who had been married twice, and both times to the daughter of a duke; who had filled no one knows how many offices in the royal household; and whose sons and daughters, all through his management, had made the most magnificent matches in the kingdom. Before this suggestive picture Sir Reginald stood and gazed. He revered the defunct Sir Willibald almost as much as he revered himself.

Just then a knock was heard at the gallery-door; for it was a rule in Burleigh Manor that no servant, or indeed any one, ever entered that apartment without a premonitory tap. It was the baronet's special place of refreshment, in which he particularly disliked being unceremoniously intruded upon.

"Come in," cried Sir Reginald.

A footman appeared, and announced the baronet's late visitor, Father Ambrose.

"Show Mr. Warrington here," said Sir Reginald.

Now it was Sir Reginald's habit to speak of or to the gentleman in question by one of three different appellations, according to the mood in which he found himself disposed towards his old friend. When he was in a perfectly good humour with him, he called him simply, as of old, "Warring-

ton." When he was tolerably amiable, but ceremonious, he called him by the name by which Warrington was designated in religion, namely, Father Ambrose. When his dignity was ruffled, or he was otherwise put out, then it was a stern "Mr. Warrington." Having, then, signified his pleasure that he would receive "Mr. Warrington," Sir Reginald, much wondering what he could have come for, proceeded to prepare himself to receive him with becoming dignity and an amiable and forgiving condescension. He loved to be forgiving, when those who had affronted him sued for pardon, partly because he considered that the forgiveness of offences is the proper prerogative of royalty, and partly because he thought it "divine," and therefore becoming to the representative of all the Somersets. It was one of his peculiarities that he had a taste for quoting a few stray passages of the Bible, turning them with the most extraordinary ingenuity into aids and props to his own extravagant assumptions. By the side of his *prie-dieu*, which was covered with the richest velvet, and embroidered with the Somerset arms just on the top of the back, so that when Sir Reginald knelt at his devotions that soothing emblem met his eyes, and tended to produce a sensation which he described as a "religious calm,"—by the side of this *prie-dieu* stood a small table, on which reposed, with a few books of devotion, a splendidly-bound Bible (of course with the Somerset arms on the cover), which Sir Reginald fancied that he often read. The truth was, however, that he did not care very much for the Sacred Scriptures, except for the few passages which describe the magnificence of the sovereigns therein occasionally mentioned. He liked to read about King Solomon's possessions, and the immense sums he expended; but his favourite passage was the third chapter of Daniel, where the prophet repeats again and again the titles of the nobles and great men who attended on King Nabuchodonosor, and the varieties of musical instruments he had at his command.

Not being, then, very learned in the Scriptures, he had somehow got into his head that the well-known quotation, "to err is human, to forgive divine," was to be found in the Bible. When, therefore, he reflected that he ought to pardon a penitent evil-doer because it is "divine" to forgive, he was fully persuaded that he was acting upon the express injunction of inspiration, and was, in short, a very model of Christian piety. And now, glancing for a moment at the portrait of Sir Willibald, and raising himself to his full height, he advanced with benign countenance to meet his visitor, and graciously proffered his open palm. Father Ambrose there-

upon shook the said hand with a gripe and a heartiness which sorely discomposed the baronet, and said with a quick voice, "My dear Sir Reginald, I really could not rest without coming back to tell you how very sorry I am that I forgot myself so much just now."

Sir Reginald overlooked the squeeze of his hand, and gently inclined his head in token of the pardon he conceded.

"You know I always was very hasty in former days," continued Father Ambrose; "and I am sorry to say—but, however, it's useless to talk about it. You are so good-natured, that I am sure I have your forgiveness for my rudeness. Is it not so?"

Sir Reginald signified that he was perfectly satisfied, and Father Ambrose went on to another subject.

"Besides, I wanted to talk to you a little about poor Mrs. Longford and her son George. You know, of course, the state of her finances."

"Certainly I do," said the baronet; "you are aware that I am one of her trustees under her marriage-settlement. General Longford was my particular friend; and though I thought he might have made a better match, I consented to be one of his trustees."

"Well, then," pursued the Father, "you know his widow is not overburdened with the goods of this world; and, in fact, if George were to withdraw his little fortune from their household expenses, she and her other son Edward would find it rather hard to make both ends meet, unless they quite altered their style of living."

"So I conclude," said the baronet; "but at the same time I must observe, that I make it a rule never to inquire into the minutiae of the household affairs of other persons, as I consider it beneath me to do so."

"No doubt, no doubt," rejoined his friend, with the slightest possible smile upon his lips. "But to come to the point; you may have heard that George Longford wants to come to us as a novice."

"I have not heard so," said Sir Reginald.

"Well, he does, at any rate," continued Father Ambrose; "and his mother, who, though she is a good soul, is not exactly a Solomon, has got all sorts of nonsense into her head about it. If George is really professed with us, we shall not let him bring with him more than just enough to pay for his keep and so forth,—say a thousand pounds, or something of that kind, for good and all; and all the rest of his fortune he will hand over to his mother and brother. But he tells me that he cannot drive this into his mother's head. She fancies,

because he can't make the property over when he begins his novitiate, that he will not have the power—or the will, for all that—of disposing of it when his novitiate is over and he comes to be professed. She's terribly muddle-headed, and does not fancy me altogether disinterested in the business. So it occurred to me, that if you would be good enough just to tell her the real state of the case, it might set her mind at rest."

"No doubt, if I expressed my opinion, Mrs. Longford would be perfectly satisfied," replied Sir Reginald.

"Then you will do what I ask," said Father Ambrose, who had no notion of a man's delaying to do what he had made up his mind to do sooner or later.

"I will consider about it," replied the baronet, who had no notion of making his favours cheap by granting them too readily. "I will consider of it, and in due time will let you know my decision. At the same time I must observe, that I think it unfortunate that George Longford, who is the eldest son of a most respectable family, should take it into his head to be a monk. Could you not suggest that his younger brother should do it instead?"

"What? Edward Longford?" cried Father Ambrose; "I fancy that sort of thing is not at all in his line. Do you know, Sir Reginald," he went on, "I have a sort of notion that Edward is not altogether indifferent to Mary's attractions."

"To whose attractions, did you say?" asked the unconscious baronet.

"To Mary's—to your daughter's," said his friend.

Sir Reginald stood aghast; but only for a moment. You might almost as well have told him that the sun was going to rise for the future in the west. He speedily assumed an aspect of self-complacent incredulousness, and blandly replied:

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Warrington. Such a thing *could* not be. Mrs. Longford's son would never even presume to think of such a thing. It is really quite an agreeable jest."

"Well," said Father Ambrose, "I only just mentioned what I had heard in more than one quarter."

Sir Reginald smiled gently at the folly of any man's being so credulous as to have paid a moment's attention to any thing so absurd, and continued:

"May I ask if rumour was so kind as to insinuate that my daughter reciprocated the sentiments of the—the—the young person in question?"

"I can't say," said Father Ambrose, "that I ever did hear any thing to that purpose."

"I thought not!" ejaculated the baronet, lifting up his handsome head still higher than usual, if that were possible; "even rumour could hardly venture so far as that."

"Why, my dear Sir Reginald," asked his friend, "would there be any thing so *very* monstrous in Mary's thinking of a fine young fellow, very well born too, like Edward Longford?"

"Mr. Warrington," replied the baronet, in the tone of an oracle, "the Somersets never ——"

"Make improper matches," he would have added, but that at the moment he happened to cast his eyes on the portrait of his unhappy grandfather; and thinking of *his* dire matrimonial fate, he could only look extremely puzzled and profoundly solemn, and hold his tongue.

Soon after, finding the baronet rapidly getting into one of his most impracticable moods, Father Ambrose took his leave, again begging him to see Mrs. Longford as soon as he could make it convenient. When he was gone, the baronet soothed his disturbed feelings by a quarter-of-an-hour's walk up and down the gallery, ever and anon turning an affectionate and reverential glance towards Sir Willibald, under the inspiration beaming from whose features he acquired strength for sitting down to an important piece of business he had in hand, relative to the purchase of an estate contiguous to his own, whose possession he had long coveted, but which until now had never been in the market.

CHAPTER II.

MEDITATION.

MEANWHILE Father Ambrose proceeded on his way. He was about to pay a visit to Mrs. Longford, with a view of talking over her son George's plans, though with little hope of satisfying her whimsical objections. She lived in a rather small but pleasant house, going by the name of Woodlands, not very far from St. Oswald's monastery. The way from Burleigh Manor to Woodlands led the father near a spot where he loved to spend an hour or so, whenever his leisure (which was not great) allowed it. This spot lay near the boundary of the Burleigh property, on the extremity of a noble wood overlooking a considerable expanse of undulating country, richly wooded, and wearing all the varied elements of gentle beauty that characterise the true English landscape. In the extreme

distance the peaks of some lofty hills, almost mountainous in their grandeur, broke the flowing outline of the horizon, and imparted a kind of romantic element to a scene which otherwise might have appeared in some degree tame. A smooth gray stone, fringed with rambling festoons of ivy, was Father Ambrose's much-loved seat, on which, as he had sat from time to time for many years past, he had experienced almost all those crises of thought and emotion which had combined to make him what he was, and to prepare him for the remainder of his course. Just below his feet, as he sat on this old gray stone, murmured a gurgling stream; and there were few sounds he ever heard so sweet to his ears as the ripple of those pellucid waters, as they broke gently over their rocky bed, or stirred the little pebbles mingled with the silvery sand which lay gathered in the nooks and crannies of the banks.

On this stone he now seated himself, to prepare for his visit to Mrs. Longford. For, strange as it may appear to those who do not know by what little things the strongest minds are shaken, he felt that some sort of preparation, if possible, was really necessary to him. Mrs. Longford was, in fact, a very tiresome and foolish personage, whose unconnected talk and *mal-à-propos* questionings tried Father Ambrose's patience not a little; and he was now doubly anxious to be able to preserve in himself a perfectly charitable frame of mind during the conversation he was looking forward to. He was conscious, too, that his recent visit to Sir Reginald had very far from disposed him to meet even this slight temptation to irritation and hauteur with good chance of baffling it. As with many other people of similar character, the absurdities and intellectual littlenesses of persons much his inferiors had a strong tendency to produce in him a sensation of self-complacent contempt, which was any thing but favourable as a safeguard against the next little snare which the occurrences of daily life might spread in his path. He could not help seeing that he himself was certainly not such a conceited simpleton as the baronet; and he knew by sad experience that the observation of this very undeniable fact grievously inclined him, if not to Sir Reginald's stupidity and silliness, yet certainly to Sir Reginald's conceit and pride. And on the present occasion, being most uncomfortably sensible of the incursions of this dreaded though seducing self-complacency, he longed for a few minutes' quiet thought, for the sake of reducing his rebellious fancies to submission, before encountering another specimen of moral and intellectual weakness, though of a very different kind from that presented by the magnificent owner of Burleigh Manor.

"Well," he said to himself, as he sat down upon his favourite resting-place, and relieved himself with a sigh, "I am a fool! Why on earth should I feel any satisfaction, and chuckle to myself, just because my poor old friend is goose enough to be annoyed at the parentage of his grandmother? O my God," he continued, as his gaze drank in the full beauties of the lovely scene before him, glowing with all the radiance of a summer sun, "how can we let such follies possess us, even in the presence of the natural glories of Thine Almighty power!"

Then, leaning back against the smooth trunk of a venerable beech-tree, growing close to his seat, and whose vast boughs overshadowed him with their wilderness of transparent foliage, he remained silent, looking up into that branching mystery, in contemplation of the boundless multitude of leaf that gently quivered and rustled in the southern breeze.

"What an incomprehensible exuberance of creative power there is," he murmured to himself, "in the leaves of this single tree! The eye is dazzled at the sight of their number; and in every one there is that same exquisite framework of life and beauty. And this is but one tree of myriads upon myriads. One's brain aches at the very thought of attempting to reckon them. And this is but one of Thy works, most awful God!"

Then again relapsing into silence, he looked fixedly into the impenetrable depths of the cloudless azure over-head, striving to open his mind to the reception of some faint idea of the magnitude and glories of the starry universe which the heaven contains. But no human intellect, unless supernaturally sustained, can long endure the contemplation of that magnitude and glory, even in the feeble reflection of which alone the mind is capable; and a sense of the unapproachable greatness of God, and the prostrate nothingness of himself, came upon him with a force causing almost an agony of spirit. He could not bear it long, and murmuring, "It is no wonder, my God, that man cannot see Thy Face and live," he closed his eyes, and turned to the thought of that Sacred Humanity which links man's nature to that of his Creator by a bond not of terror, but of infinite love. And so he could have remained in happy contemplation, perhaps for hours, but that the calls of present life allowed him but short intervals for rest. He rose with a lightened heart, and strengthened by a prevailing sense of those perfections in God which reduce the differences between one man and another to the imperceptible distinctions between the grains of sand in a heap. And it was without the slightest taint of pride or unkindness that he smiled, as he

pursued his way to Woodlands, and thought of the infirmities of the worthy lady he was on the point of visiting.

Strange indeed are the variations in the course of one single day's life to most men. The thoughts of one single four-and-twenty hours are a many-coloured mosaic, in which the contrasts between the ridiculous, the touching, and the noble are often absolutely startling. We pass from one extreme to another almost without effort; and the feebleness of our minds is such, that these sudden changes are felt as an actual relief. The feasting that follows upon a funeral is but a type of human life in its every-day aspects.

As Father Ambrose rung the bell at Mrs. Longford's door, and stood waiting under a canopy of fragrant clematis, some such thoughts as these passed through his mind; and he entered the Woodlands drawing-room, saying to himself, "What an odd thing one's life really is! I wonder whether there could have been any elements of the ridiculous in Paradise?"

CHAPTER III.

MRS. LONGFORD'S VIEWS ON THE MONASTIC LIFE.

MRS. LONGFORD was half-sitting, half-reclining upon a sofa. One could see at a glance that the deceased general had married her for her pretty face, and not for any profound intellectual acquirements. She was short and small, but very neatly made, with flaxen hair, fair complexion, and generally that entire cast of features which is peculiarly appropriated to the race of dolls. She was remarkably well dressed, and in perfectly good taste; and, no doubt, when the general's old companions-in-arms were first introduced to the spouse of his declining years, they considered that he had made a very creditable addition to his household furniture; and when it was discovered that the general's proverbially good dinners were improved rather than deteriorated in quality under the new *régime*, they voted him a lucky old fellow to have found so satisfactory a wife when past the meridian of his own existence.

Father Ambrose saw at once that Mrs. Longford was in grievous trouble. She had her handkerchief up to her eyes as he came in; and as she rose and shook hands with him, the tears ran down her cheeks, still a little rosy, almost in streams.

"Oh, Mr. Ambrose!" she began, for she had a knack of

always blundering over his name, "I'm so glad you are come; I did want to see you so much; I am so miserable, and Edward doesn't seem at all miserable himself; and I said to him, 'Edward, I'm sure Father Warrington will not approve;' and he won't hear reason, and I don't know what to do: and here's Moses been to tell me that the old brown cow has spiked herself terribly in the field last night, and he wants to send for the butcher to sell her and have her killed at once, and it does seem so cruel. And then there's George, too, going away just when he's most wanted. Oh, I am so distressed and flurried, I don't know what to do!"

And the poor lady fell to weeping afresh, as if her heart would break. Father Ambrose, however, was well aware that Mrs. Longford's tears were like April showers; and therefore, though quite unprepared for hearing that her son Edward had got into some scrape or other, he prudently said nothing, but took a chair, and allowed her quietly to resume her cheerfulness. Her tears soon ceased, and she began again:

"Oh dear, dear, what a figure crying does make one! But now, Father Ambrose, as I'm sure you must be in a hurry, for you always are, to come to the point—but, bless me, I believe Moses wants me to settle immediately about the poor cow!—do advise me, Mr. Warrington; do you think if I got the best medical advice the poor creature could be cured? It does seem such a pity to send her to the butcher's; and her milk is the very richest we ever had. There's Farmer Slownough, up at Clay-Hill Farm,—he was here the other day, and he said to me, for he met me just as I was coming out of the paddock—by the way, Father Ambrose, I have no doubt you can tell me what I ought to do about paying tithes for the little grass-land that we occupy ——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted her visitor, who could endure it no longer—"I am sure you will forgive my interrupting you—I *am* rather in a hurry to-day, and I should be glad to hear at once what it is that you wished to speak to me about with regard to Edward. Besides, you know we were to have some little conversation about George's affairs."

"That's exactly what I was going to say," replied Mrs. Longford. "Oh, Mr. Ambrose, what can have put it into his head? To think of leaving me alone, and so suddenly too. Really you gentlemen at the monastery are very hard upon us poor widows. I did not think you would have persuaded Edward to desert me. Why can't he be a good Catholic at home like other people, and mind his affairs and get married? I'm sure a handsome young fellow like Edward need be in no difficulty about ——"

"Edward, do you say?" cried Father Ambrose. "I am perfectly in the dark as to what you are speaking of. I had not the slightest idea that he wanted to leave home. Is he going abroad, or what is it?"

"Going abroad!" echoed Mrs. Longford, "I wish he was; then he'd be out of harm's way. He's going to be a monk, like his brother."

"Going to be a monk!" now echoed the Father; "impossible! Who told you this? Surely he must be in joke."

"That's exactly what I was going to say," said Mrs. Longford, though the notion had never occurred to her till that moment. "But no, I'm sure he's in earnest. George says he is, and George never would mislead me; I must say that for him."

"You amaze me," rejoined Father Ambrose. "When did all this take place?"

"Only yesterday morning," said Mrs. Longford.

"And has Edward spoken to any body at the monastery about his wishes?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But you really will not let him be a monk, Father Ambrose. Now, promise me; you must promise me. It really would be too bad. Let me send for him now directly, and tell him you think it's extremely wrong of him."

"Not quite so fast, if you please," said the Father.

"Then don't you think it is very wrong of a young man to desert his mother in her distress?" asked the lady.

"That's quite another thing," said Father Ambrose.

"Then you *don't* think it is very wrong to desert one's mother?" rejoined she.

"My dear Mrs. Longford," said the Father, in a serious tone, "you really must excuse my giving any opinion about Edward's idea at present. If it is only a fancy of his, just to run away from his duties and cares, it will not be right to encourage it."

"That's exactly what I was going to say," interrupted she; "it *is* only a fancy."

"That we shall see by and by," pursued the Father. "At the same time, I am sure that you would be the last person to wish your son to disregard the call of God, if He really were to give him a vocation to the religious life."

"But how can God call a person to do what is wrong?" asked she.

"Of course He cannot do any thing of the kind," rejoined he. "The question is, whether it *is* wrong for Edward to enter the religious life."

"But it *is* wrong!" reiterated she.

"How do you know that it is wrong?" asked he.

"How do I know it?" she replied; "because I do know it. It is wrong because it *is*, because it *must be* wrong. Why, Mr. Warrington, it's as clear as the day. Surely you don't want to persuade me against my own conscience?"

Mrs. Longford's visitor shrugged his shoulders so visibly that she perceived it, and pursued what she thought her logical advantage.

"Yes," said she; "I'm sure you see it yourself. It can't be right to do wrong; now, can it, Mr. Warrington?"

"Can black be white?" asked he, with a good-humoured smile.

"Then you will tell Edward that he must not think of this foolish scheme of his any more?" said Mrs. Longford.

"We will talk of that some other day," he replied. "But now, just let me ask you a question. Supposing Edward had an offer of an appointment worth three thousand a-year in India, would you oppose his accepting it?"

"Of course not!" said she, with a look of argumentative triumph. "Do you think I would selfishly stand in the way of my own child's advancement?"

"Then why should you stand in the way of his advancement of another kind?" asked the Father.

"That's quite another thing," said Mrs. Longford.

"Well," replied Father Ambrose, "I will talk it over with Edward as soon as possible, and hear his own account of his wishes. But now I want to speak to you about the time for George's coming to us."

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Longford; "and when he does come, I do hope that you will make him take care of his health. He has always been accustomed to wear a great deal of flannel; and whenever he comes in with wet feet, I am always most particular to make him change his shoes; and then, you know, he has always been accustomed to drink two or three glasses of wine at dinner; and I know he's very fond of pale ale; and sometimes, when his appetite is not very good at breakfast—but, by the by, Father Ambrose"—and here the good lady's countenance assumed a very serious aspect—"I do hope he won't see any thing of that dreadful Father Basil, that every body says such shocking things about."

If Mrs. Longford had been a person of any observation, she would have perceived that her visitor's face here showed signs sufficient to warn her that she was touching on a very disagreeable subject. However, she was in blissful uncon-

sciousness of the fact, and proceeded with her talk without hesitation.

"Do tell me now, is it true that Father Basil is so very wicked? It really is quite shocking that you should keep such a man in the monastery. He will corrupt you all, I am quite sure. You can't think what every body says about him; indeed you can't. There's Farmer Slownough, that was talking to me the other day about our meadows; said he to me ——"

"Mrs. Longford," interposed the Father, with so much sternness in his manner as to make an immediate impression even upon her, "I would strongly advise you to pay no attention to what silly gossiping people say about us or any of our affairs. Rumour is a lying jade; for one true story that she repeats, she tells twenty falsehoods."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Longford in positive alarm, "I would not tell any falsehoods for the world. But really now, it is so very shocking; and one doesn't know what to believe, and they do say such dreadful things. Do you know, there's old Martha Tugwell was in the church the other night quite late—it was quite dark in the church; and she heard such unaccountable noises in the monastery, it quite frightened her out of her senses ——"

"Old Martha Tugwell," interrupted the Father, "has no senses to be frightened out of. She would do much better to go home and cook a warm supper for her rheumatic husband than idle away her time in the church at such late hours, till her brains—if she has any—are more addled than usual."

"But she *did* hear such strange noises, Mr. Warrington," retorted Mrs. Longford, "just like the clanking of chains. And she said to me, 'Oh, ma'am, I'm sure it was all something to do with that wicked Father Basil.' And I said to her ——"

"Pray, what night was it that this gossiping old woman picked up this precious story?" said Father Ambrose.

"Why, let me see," replied Mrs. Longford. "It was—let me see—yes, I'm sure it was—last Thursday week."

"So I suspected," rejoined he; "and for once I can account for these nonsensical reports that foolish people spread about the country. That very evening we had a blacksmith in the house finishing some repairs in the kitchen-range; he had not done till after dark: and I have no doubt the clattering of his hammering and filing must have been heard in the church itself."

"But is it not true that you do something very severe to Father Basil because of what he has done?" said she. "I'm sure you ought; and every body says the same."

"The stories you hear," rejoined he, "are just so many absurdities. Father Basil lives exactly the same life as all the rest of the community, and follows exactly the same rules. Believe me, Mrs. Longford, you do us serious injustice in paying attention to these reports that idle people pass from one to another, without taking the least trouble to inquire whether they are true or not, or considering whether, even if true, they are justified in repeating them. Really there are some Catholics who think that a priest or a religious is a fair subject for all the scandalous chattering which is wrong in the case of any body else."

Just then two young men entered the room, and shook hands cordially with Father Ambrose; and he immediately continued:

"I was just going to say to your mother, that if priests and religious are bound to be doubly careful that they give no cause for scandal by their conduct, the laity are equally bound to be still more careful in what they say of them than what they say of people in the world. From my experience, I should say there are no people so much exposed to unjust interpretations of their conduct as the clergy, both regular and secular."

"That's just what I think," exclaimed Mrs. Longford; "you can't think what ridiculous things people do say of you all. Now, I've no doubt that story about your flogging yourselves so dreadfully is quite untrue. Surely, you never could do any thing so very horrid. It quite makes one shudder to think of:—as if you were a set of schoolboys, that would not go on properly without being continually whipped. I am sure *you* never do such a thing, at any rate, Mr. Warrington; now do you?"

The two young Longfords smiled, but looked eagerly for the Father's reply. As for Father Ambrose, he laughed outright, so much was he tickled by Mrs. Longford's unaffected alarm. And, truly, her pretty doll-like face and unexceptionable millinery did seem the very personification of a mode of life in which penitential austerities had no share. He composed himself, however, and replied:

"Is there any thing so very dreadful in the idea of inflicting a little wholesome pain upon oneself, my dear Mrs. Longford?"

"But surely you do it outside your habits?" inquired she.

"I'm afraid we do not," said he, laughing again.

The young men here appeared more than ever interested; Edward, the younger, looking as if he was really longing to

be at it already, and would rather enjoy it than otherwise; while George, the elder, shrugged his shoulders with a sort of instinctive twitch. Mrs. Longford herself looked almost aghast, as she continued:

"Why, you'll do yourself serious harm, Father Ambrose. Oh, dear, dear, it's quite dreadful to think of! Treating yourselves like American black slaves, or common pick-pockets! Really, I never! But, perhaps, you do it with nice little gentle instruments, more for the look of the thing than any thing else."

"I fear your kind sympathies are thrown away," said Father Ambrose; "it is part of the regular routine of the religious life; and he would be a very questionable religious who converted what is designed to be a mortification of the flesh into a mere piece of hypocrisy."

"But how wretchedly miserable the thought of it must make you!" said Mrs. Longford.

"No, it does not," said he; "you will find many religious who would not on any account omit the practice, even apart from the obligation of their rule. Even nuns ——"

"What?" cried the lady, in horror, "do nuns do such things? Women? It's really shocking, Mr. Warrington; I can't bear to think of it."

"I assure you," said the Father, "it's a very different thing in reality from what it seems to those who know nothing about it by practice. The fervour of the spirit more than compensates for the suffering of the body. I heard a story the other day of a friend of mine, a secular priest, and a very good one, who went to serve as chaplain for a short time to some nuns of a rather severe order; and just before he came away, the Mother Superior was having a little spiritual conversation with him, which she ended by strongly recommending him the use of the discipline. And then she went to a drawer,—just as you might go to your jewel-box and select a little remembrance to give to a young friend,—and she took out one of these same terrible implements, and presented it to my friend, and said, 'You can't think how delightful a thing it is, when you once learn to know its value *by experience*.' So you see it's not quite so frightful a proceeding as you fancy."

Father Ambrose then took leave, finding that his time for absence from St. Oswald's was nearly exhausted, and walked homewards accompanied by the younger of the two brothers. As soon as they were fairly outside the Woodlands' gate, he addressed his companion:

"What's this, Edward, that your mother has been telling

me? Is it true that you really are thinking of leaving the world?"

"I have definitely determined on it," said young Longford.

"You've been rather quick about it, I fancy," rejoined the Father. "Do you think you really know your own mind?"

"I have not the least doubt of it. Circumstances clearly point out to me that a life in the world is not for me."

"Well, so far so good; if only you are right in your estimate. But I need hardly tell you, that natural circumstances are only half the battle. What makes you think that the supernatural part of the question applies to you? For if that is wanting, you misinterpret circumstances. But, however, if you don't mind speaking to me in confidence, I should like to know what are those events that you think so clear in their indications of your future life. You know me too well, my dear Edward, to suppose I can be otherwise than deeply interested in your happiness; and I am sure you will forgive me for reminding you, that it is very possible to mistake a disgust with the world for a proof that the world is no place for us. The two things, nevertheless, are perfectly distinct."

"Ah, Father Ambrose," exclaimed Edward, "you need not beat about the bush. I am certain you know already nearly all I have to tell you."

"Not quite all; but perhaps a good deal; though rather in the way of guessing than any thing else. Come, to spare your blushes, I may as well say at once, that I suspect an attachment to a certain young lady not far from this place. I have always looked on the said young lady as somewhat of a *protégée* of my own, and therefore I could hardly help noticing more than I should otherwise have done."

"But the thing is quite hopeless, is it not?" rejoined Edward.

"Hopeless!" echoed the Father; "let me see; humph! you mean in the parental quarter, of course?"

"Certainly."

"To tell you the truth, I do. If you had ten thousand a-year, instead of two hundred, the baronet might think of it; as it is, he would never see his daughter again if she married you. But may I venture to ask if it is only in the parental quarter that you despair?"

"As to that I cannot say, for I do not know. I have all along felt that the thing was so impossible, that I have most rigidly abstained from making advances to Miss Somerset

herself. I don't believe she dislikes me ; but, upon my word, I know nothing more definite."

"You have acted like an honourable fellow, my dear boy," said the Father, seizing the young man's hand and heartily shaking it ; "and you will have God's blessing on you, whatever comes of it. And now I will tell you a little secret of my own. Seeing, as I could not help it, how matters were going, and esteeming you as I do, I did this very morning just give the slightest possible hint to Sir Reginald that you *might* be thinking of his daughter."

"Well?" said Edward, with intense eagerness.

"You can imagine his reply. He counted it almost impossible in the nature of things. You have not the shadow of a shade of a chance."

Edward sighed profoundly, and they walked on in silence, but at length recurred to the subject.

"I have long been prepared for it," he said ; "in fact, I have made up my mind to it. I foresaw it must come to this two years ago, when I first began to suspect the nature of my own feelings on the subject ; and I thank God it has gone no further. I will see her no more. And, after all, what is it ? What is any thing in this world, to the consecration of oneself to God in the cloister ?"

"Nothing, undoubtedly ; but, as I said just now, to dislike the world is one thing, to love the cloister is another."

"But how can any one help loving and desiring the religious life, if he knows the world will not suit him ? Often and often, when I have passed by St. Oswald's, or been in the church, and seen you all looking so calm and happy, and heard you singing your office, or observed the spirit of brotherly affection in your recreation-times,—often and often I have thought, 'What a happy life ! what admirable holy men ! I am sure *I* shall never find any thing like this in the world. What is the love of any creature, the very sweetest and best of men or women, to the undivided love of our Blessed Lord ?' I assure you, Father Ambrose, I have for years and years felt and cherished such feelings in my mind ; and now that Providence closes up the opening to the attainment of the only thing I really have cared much about, it seems quite a relief to feel that I am free to embrace that life which I see is the only one to *satisfy* the soul."

As Edward spoke this, Father Ambrose's eyes were fixed upon him with a look which would have enthralled any observant passer-by ; so striking was the mixture of interest and affection with a certain look of sadness and pity. He said nothing in reply, but remained, as Edward fancied, in medita-

tion on what he had said ; though, in reality, he was absorbed in prayer for his young friend, who he saw was approaching, perhaps, the great crisis of his life. Nothing more was said until they reached the gate of St. Oswald's, when the Father parted from him, saying only, "We will pray that we may know the will of God."

(To be continued.)

THE CRUCIFIX OF ANDERNACH,

FOUNDED ON A LEGEND MENTIONED IN LONGFELLOW'S "HYPERION."

I.

"GRAMERCY ! my widow, now tell me why
Thou sittest before yon Cross,
With diamond tears in either eye,
Like drops on the pendent moss ?"

II.

"Oh, master," she said, "couldst thou but know
The tale that I can tell,
Before yon Cross—on this wet moss—
To sit would suit thee well."

III.

"Then, widow, just tell me now the tale,
And I no further go :
For the cool shade of this woody glade
Seems good for a heart of woe."

IV.

"Oh, sir," said she, "do you now but see
That figure there before ye ;
The God of love, who reigns above
In everlasting glory ;
Yet there outspread, with His dying head,
And His hands and feet all gory ?"

V.

"I see," said I, "that Cross on high,
With its Christ so large and pale,
And its beautiful eyes, in tender guise ;
But, widow, tell me thy tale."

VI.

"Well, well," she said, "the sun has sped
His journey through the sky ;
So open thine ear, and thou shalt hear
A tale told truthfully.

VII.

In yonder town of Andernach
I liv'd all poor and lone,
With hardly a rag upon my back,
Or a thing to call my own :
The crust I ate I could scarcely crack,
'Twas as hard and bare as a bone.

VIII.

My garret under the roof-tree lay,
Where the tiles were loose and thin ;
My bed was but half a truss of hay,
And the wet and the weather came in.

IX.

Yet never a morning Mass I miss'd,
Nor the Vespers' silver chimes ;
And the holy feet of Our Ladye I kiss'd
A thousand thousand times.

X.

One night in the dark I had laid me down,
And sleep came on me weary ;
The din was all hush'd in the dismal town,
While the rain fell fast and dreary.

XI.

Drip, drip,—as I woke ; for the water seem'd
Coming in just over my head :
And I thought—drop, drop—it would never stop,
From pattering cold on the bed.

XII.

Knock, knock,—there was some one at work,
And my fingers felt for their beads ;
But then, pell-mell, sure the mortar fell,
Like a sower scattering seeds.

XIII.

Oh, was it a dream ? I began to scream,
And straight to the window ran ;
When a ladder was there, down which, through the air,
There hurried a mason-man.

XIV.

And as he withdrew, I just caught a view
Of a lantern held in his hand ;
Though he blew out the light, and was lost in the night,
Like a star from some heavenly land :

XV.

For, believe it who may, the dawn of that day
Every tile on its rafter display'd,
Like dish over dish, or the scales of a fish,
In order most perfectly laid.

XVI.

I told it the priest, and he said that at least
'Twas some saint that wish'd me well ;
Nor was there a need to repeat the creed,
By the candle, the book, or the bell.

XVII.

Now hardly a week had pass'd away,
And the thing was on my mind ;
When I went to the cooper my rent to pay,—
A landlord poor, yet kind.

XVIII.

' Good luck,' quoth he, ' I am glad to see
Such smiles upon thy face ;
For Our Ladye, be sure, has been good to me,
So let me speak of her grace.

XIX.

Our foreman, just ten weeks ago,
Had his wife in the depths of fever ;
And though his earnings came in but slow,
For her sake he would scarcely leave her.

XX.

So I took him his wages on Saturday night,
And bless'd her as she was dying ;
Though tubs and casks, his unfinish'd tasks,
Were all around me lying ;
And not a half-hour but some one asks
What idle tricks we were trying.

XXI.

Well, at nine o'clock I went to bed,
With my pallet upon the floor ;

When, lo! in the shop I heard a tread,
 Like twelve of my men at the door;
 And the perspiration stood on my head
 Streaming from every pore.

XXII.

Thump, thump,—there were hands at work
 Pounding all through the night;
 Thump, thump,—'twas the regular bump
 Of my dear own mallet upon the stump,
 Where it hammer'd till morning light;
 And then every cask, that a man might ask
 To take on his hands for a tenpenny task,
 Was cooper'd, and hoop'd, and tight.

XXIII.

Who, who could it be, I much wish'd to see,
 And peep'd when the daylight shone;
 Yet 'twas but one man, with his hand on the handle
 Of a lantern, in which he extinguish'd a candle—
 And before I could thank him, was gone!

XXIV.

All Andernach wonder'd, as well they might;
 For more than one watchman said
 The Christ on this crucifix walk'd of a night,
 When all the world were in bed.

XXV.

Now just by the Rhine, an old friend of mine
 Had a boat that was rotten and old;
 It scarcely could carry across the ferry,
 For copper, or silver, or gold.

XXVI.

Yet a pilgrim once, 'twixt the day and the dark,
 Came and begg'd to be ferried over;
 For not on the strand was there ever a bark
 As far as the eye could discover;
 Whilst in the red west, where the sun went to rest,
 A storm was beginning to hover.

XXVII.

'I dare not put out at an hour like this,
 For I hear the whirlwind beginning to hiss,'
 Said my friend of the boat to the palmer.
 'Oh, yes, you may,' the latter replied;
 And as he spake, the storm and the tide
 Seem'd growing calmer and calmer.

XXVIII.

And when they got on the further shore,
The pilgrim a lantern lighted;
And grop'd his way to a fisherman's door,
Like a traveller lost and benighted.

XXIX.

The fisherman had not caught that day
A single fish in his net;
Which there outstretch'd on the threshold lay,
All mangled, and torn, and wet.

XXX.

Through the rents, when he tried it along the river,
The fish had escap'd in pairs;
And he and his children were all in a shiver,
Without any fault of theirs.

XXXI.

So the pilgrim mended the wretched net,
And made it all sound again;
But my friend the ferryman felt the wet,
For it had begun to rain.

XXXII.

Then back once more to the hither shore
They wended their weary way;
For the boat so creaky was awfully leaky,
And fill'd my man with dismay.

XXXIII.

And just as they got within sight of his cot,
All but touching the land,
The wandering wight extinguish'd his light,
And vanish'd upon the strand.

XXXIV.

At first it seem'd hard to be thus debarr'd
From his painful pittance of pay;
Yet he would not complain, for all the rain,
But trusted the pilgrim might happen again
To journey once more that way.

XXXV.

But, oh, in the morning how glad were his eyes,
For his boat was caulk'd and bright,
And painted blue, and as good as new,
With streaks of alternate white.

XXXVI.

And the story ran, that the wonderful man
 Who perform'd these gentle deeds,
 And blew out his lantern to hide them too,
 Was this very figure that hangs in our view,
 As it looks—and loves—and bleeds!

XXXVII.

O Christ! and then, there was one more thing
 Which confirm'd the whisper well;
 Though it touches my heart on its tenderest string
 The narrative strange to tell.

XXXVIII.

One doleful night, a frail female sinner,
 With the only child of her shame,
 Both getting weaker and paler and thinner,
 To this lonely Crucifix came.

XXXIX.

No house would receive her, no hand would relieve her,
 No food had they tasted that day;
 Her babe was asleep, so she came to weep,
 And she also kneel'd to pray;
 But on the ground, as her brain whirl'd round,
 Alas, she fainted away!

XL.

When, lo! ere she mended, this figure descended,
 And breath'd on the waves of her hair;
 She awoke from her trance, and saw at a glance
 That her Lord and Redeemer was there.
 For, uncloth'd as He seem'd, His divinity beam'd
 In rays of rich light on the air.

XLI.

He wip'd her warm tears, He banish'd her fears,
 Her infant He touch'd with a kiss,
 As it turn'd towards His side, where it smilingly died;
 And its guardian-angel his wings open'd wide,
 To bear it to bowers of bliss.

XLII.

Then to her at His feet, in humility sweet,
 As the penitent hasten'd His mercy to meet,
 He presented some wonderful Bread:
 'Twas whiter than snow, yet soon seem'd to grow,
 Like the hues on a rainbow, that deepen and glow,
 Into colours of crimson and red:

And when she had broken and tasted that token,
She gave up the ghost, and fell dead.

XLIII.

At that instant poor I was then passing by,
And beheld what had happen'd full plain;
A lantern was near, with a sponge and a spear,
And a ladder on high, which I just saw Him rear,
To reach His sad posture of pain,
As the Cross He ascended; and ere He had ended
Had nail'd Himself to it again."

M. B.

Reviews.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO ON CHURCH-BUILDING.

S. Caroli Borromæi Instructionum Fabricæ Ecclesiasticæ, &c.—
*St. Charles Borromeo's Two Books of Instructions on the
Building and Furnishing of Churches.* A new edition,
dedicated to Monsigneur Parisi, Bishop of Arras, by the
Canon Van Drival, Director of the Great Seminary, and
Member of the Asiatic Societies of London and Paris, and
of the Imperial Antiquarian Society of France. Paris:
Lecoffre.

THIS is a little book which we consider to be indispensable to the English Catholic church-builder. Our Gothic architecture has been revived in a spirit so completely national, with a view so exclusively directed to prettinesses of style and of detail, and with so little regard for convenience, utility, and common sense, as embodied in the ancient rules for building churches (which, however well observed by architects of the Norman and Early English period, were forgotten by the masonic societies who erected our later churches), that nothing can be more opportune than to recal it to the practice of a remoter antiquity, and to rules which have been strictly followed by the builders of such magnificent fabrics as the great cathedrals of France—Bourges, Chartres, Amiens, Notre Dame de Paris, the Sainte Chapelle, St. Denis, and almost all the smaller Romanesque and first-period pointed churches that we have examined in that country. In England we may cite Peterborough and Ely cathedrals, with several small Norman or Early English churches, as offering good examples of a strict adherence to the same rules, dictated originally by com-

mon experience, and afterwards collected and codified by St. Charles. Our later Gothic, however, to our taste, ran too wild in fancifulness, especially in smaller churches: it seemed to have no clear aim; it heaped together chapels and chantries without any definite plan, as if the first business of a Gothic architect were to afford peeps and glimpses into nooks and corners, and not one wide and grand perspective of a place adapted for all the traditional forms of Catholic worship. We have heard a Catholic architect of the first reputation defend the absolute necessity of aisles and pillars, on the ground that they were requisite to break up a procession into picturesque groups; object to all widening of the area of the nave, or to using the dome, on the ground that both plans would sacrifice this picturesque effect; and we have seen him deliberately attempt to give to his designs an appearance of mystery by irregularity and inequality of parts, by great differences of level in the pavement, and by erecting "confessions," or martyrs' crypts, on places where martyr never suffered nor confessor endured prison and chains.

One principle, indeed, our architects have triumphantly established as necessary, at any rate in our northern Gothic; and that is, that all ornament should be employed to adorn, and not to conceal, the great features of construction. No sham walls or sham gables are permitted to hide an ugly buttress or an unsightly roof; the buttress and the roof must themselves be reduced to proportion, and must be made decorative elements of the building. We do not deny the excellence of this principle, but we assert that it should be governed by one still further back; and this more recondite principle should be learned in the book of St. Charles.

It is idle to deny, that most of our architects, if asked the reason of several parts of their "constructions," would be sorely puzzled to give any but this, "Because it looks better; because I like it so." Why put the porch here, or the tower there? Why this queer little projection, or that odd turret? They are parts of the construction, no doubt; but *cui bono*? They are shams in construction, just as much as the Italian Gothic gable without a roof behind it, or the walls which hide the clerestory buttresses at St. Paul's in London, are sham pieces of ornamentation. A thing that you stick on merely because you think it looks pretty, is no less a sham, though you hollow out a chamber within it, and find out some *ex-post-facto* use to which you may put it, say a dust-bin, or an organ-loft, or a sacristy. In order to be quite sure that you have no shams either in your construction or in your ornamentation, you must have the clearest possible idea of

what a church is, and what it requires. And this idea you cannot so well gain from an induction of instances, half of which are probably faulty, as by making yourself acquainted with those traditional rules on which the artists acted who erected such models as the Cathedral of Peterborough or the Sainte Chapelle at Paris.

And although it be true that St. Charles was the Archbishop of Milan under whose auspices the incongruous façade of that noble cathedral was erected, yet no fear need be entertained that his rules lead to any such architectural inconsistencies. The matters on which he treats are matters prior to all architectural considerations; they contain merely the details of what parts, proportion, and order are requisite in the planning and construction of a church. The manner in which these wants are to be supplied he leaves to the professed architect. All that he has to do is, to give a clear idea of what the architect is required to provide for the traditional form of the church, the celebration of the divine offices, and the accommodation of the faithful.

St. Charles begins with the site for the intended church. This should be always on a rising ground, or at any rate artificially raised; should be remote from all noise and dirt; no stables or market-places should be near it. It should be insulated from all other buildings, except those of the ecclesiastics who administer the church; and these buildings should block up no window of the church, nor have any of their own windows looking into it. Nor should there be any doorway into it that can ever be used for merely domestic purposes. The size of the church should not only be calculated for the ordinary congregation, but for the numbers that may be expected to visit it on the feast of its dedication and patron saints.

Next for the form of the church. St. Charles prefers the Latin cross, with one, three, or five naves; he allows of the Greek cross, the circular or octagon, or any other form that is necessitated by any peculiarity in the site. When there is only one nave, without aisles, St. Charles recommends a slight projection on each side, just without the chancel, for two side-altars.

He would confine all symbolical and sacred decoration to the chief façade, where, over the chief door, especially in parish-churches, he directs that there should be an image of the Blessed Virgin and Child, and on the right and left the Patron Saint of the church and the Saint most venerated in the district. Or if three figures are too expensive, the image of the Saint after whom the church is named is to be put up.

Before the great façade, he recommends, if possible, that there should be a cloistered courtyard or atrium, similar to that of St. Ambrogio at Milan, or to the colonnade before St. Peter's at Rome; or if not, a porch or vestibule of equal length to the width of the church, similar to that of Peterborough Cathedral, or to the vestibule of St. Peter's. If this also is too expensive, at least a square porch, supported on two columns; examples of which may be found in almost every town in Italy, and which in France has given rise to those deeply recessed doorways which are so grand a feature in the French churches, and which are so much missed in the west fronts of most of our English cathedrals.

The roof next claims the attention of St. Charles; and after giving several directions full of plain practical common sense for this important member, he turns to the pavement, concerning which he gives one rule which we beg to submit to the earnest consideration of our architects and tile-manufacturers: "In the pavement, of whatever material it be, no cross is to be either sculptured or painted; nor, indeed, any other holy image or scene, nor any type of any sacred mystery." We ourselves have more than once been offended by having to trample on crosses, on the emblem of the Agnus Dei, and on the IHS, the sign of the Holy Name. It does not require any unusual refinement of feeling to see the enormity of this abuse.

The doors of the church St. Charles considers should be always square-headed, as is nearly invariably the case in the great portals of the foreign churches; not too low, but at least twice as high as they are wide, with the space between their architrave and that of the surrounding arch filled in with sacred sculpture or painting. There should be one such door at the end of each nave (or aisle); but they should always be uneven in number—one, three, or five. He recommends that the pillars of these doors should rest upon lions, according to the Lombard custom; and also that there should be no other public doors into the church besides those of the principal façade. He only allows side-doors which lead to the sacristy, or tower, or cemetery, or houses of the ecclesiastics; and no such side-door is to be in front of or near to an altar.

Church-windows should be arched, and should be wider inside than outside. The clerestory windows should be in uneven numbers, as near the roof as possible, and always directly over the centre of the arch. There should be always a large rose window over the principal door, like an eye in the forehead of the church. The windows of the lateral façades may be oblong. The altars should be lighted from

both sides, *never, except from necessity, from behind*. And then every care must be taken that the back window does not in the least interfere with the altar: it must not be right behind the altar, nor in any way over it. Or if necessity compels such a position of the window, then the builder must take care to make it perfectly water-tight.

All windows must be made so high from the ground that persons cannot look in through them from without. In old churches, where the ground has risen, such windows should be glazed with opaque glass.

All steps up to the church should be in uneven number. The chancel should be opposite the chief door, and should face due east, except where the priest says Mass with his face to the people, as in the Roman Basilicas. It should be vaulted with stone, adorned with mosaic or painting, and be raised one, three, five, or (if there is a crypt beneath) more steps above the pavement of the rest of the church.

Then follow very minute rules for the high altar, its isolation from the wall, and the space that is to be left for the performance of the ceremonies. Gothic architects would do well to study the dimensions which St. Charles lays down for the altar-steps, and for the bradella, or platform, which ought to surround the altar on three sides, as is required, for instance, for the position of the deacon while the priest is reading the Gospel, and at other times. Over the entrance of the chancel, especially in parish-churches, either over or under the chancel-arch, he requires a rood or crucifix to be set up. The choir, with seats for the clergy, to be either in front of or behind the altar.

In the same practical spirit St. Charles gives detailed directions about the structure of the tabernacle (on which he allows a crucifix or other image of our Lord to be placed), about the chapels and lesser altars, about the *capo-cielo* or canopy over the altar when the roof of the church is too lofty to admit of being frequently cleaned, and all the fixtures which are required for the Holy Sacrifice. A chapter is devoted to the places and ostensoirs in which the sacred relics are to be kept; another to the images and pictures: one rule in this chapter is, that no face of a saint is to be a portrait of any other man, living or dead. All saints are to be distinguished by the corona or nimbus, which is to be inscribed with a cross for our Lord. And no painting is to be made on the floor, on damp walls, or under windows. The ornamental paintings and arabesques are not to contain monstrous figures, or birds, or landscapes, except those which are required by the subject represented. Next follows a chapter on lamps, of

which St. Charles supposes that there will be always a considerable number, five or seven, hanging from a beam before the Blessed Sacrament. The baptistery, the pulpits, confessionals, bell-tower, cemetery, sacristy, and all other parts of the church, are considered in a luminous and complete manner.

The second portion of the work treats of a subject that has been even less studied, namely, the furniture of a church. In this St. Charles gives the most precise instructions concerning every utensil that is required for the divine service; and these instructions are not of his own invention, he was not the legislator who established these rules; they are essentially the traditional laws, which he does but hand down, as a faithful witness, from former ages.

It must be remembered also, as M. Van Drival well observes, that these books were composed at a time of solemn and universal reformation, at the time when the Council of Trent was sitting. They are not a treatise on Christian art, but a legislative definition of the object of Christian art. They do not enter into the question of the peculiar fitness of the several styles of architecture; they simply indicate the end which every church-builder and furnisher, whether he be Gothic or Italian, should propose to himself.

Without a well-defined object of this kind, the ecclesiastical architect begins at the wrong end. He has a notion of something which he thinks would look pretty, or grand, or mysterious; and he builds it, without a thought for the requirements of the service or the convenience of the ministers. And when this perfect bijou is at last opened for service, the faithful are disgusted to find an organ-loft in which it is impossible to arrange the singers so that they can see the conductor; an altar, the steps of which are so narrow that the priest is in danger of falling when he goes up or down them; a bradella of such scanty dimensions, that the priest, deacon, and subdeacon cannot find room to stand; a glaring window over the altar, that dazzles the eyes, darkens the lights, and lets the water run down the reredos; a nave so narrow, that it looks crushed up; and narrower aisles, in which no one can either see or hear. When such a thing happens, every one understands at once that the architect's main object was not to build a temple for God, a house in which His service might be performed most easily, in accordance with the rules and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, but to embody a conceit, and to exemplify his own private notion of the beautiful, or the pretty, or the fitting. The architect who wishes to avoid this charge of egoism will take care to make himself acquainted with the object he is to set before him from a book

which carries so much weight and legislative authority as this small volume of St. Charles Borromeo.

In saying this, we do not tie up the hands of any architect; on the contrary, the artist has the most real freedom when his object is most clearly set before him. He has a double task to perform, when he has to determine both his object and the means to be used in attaining it. Besides, it is not within the architect's province to determine what is requisite for the service of the Church. His sphere commences only after the ecclesiastical authority has clearly defined what is required. Then, given this general plan, the architect has to construct upon it his building, and to incrust his walls and roof with decorations. This is the true province of the master-builder; and he is the most perfect master who knows most perfectly the limits of his authority.

Another benefit would result from the general adoption of this code of rules. Our churches would be more easily distinguishable from the Gothic restorations which Protestants are every where making around us. From the partial summary which we have given, our readers will be able to see that the rules collected by St. Charles were, on the whole, followed in this country till the rise of the second period of Gothic architecture. In this later style we find few buildings with apsidal terminations (to avoid the east window), with west porches and rose window, such as we find in many Norman and Early Pointed buildings in England, and almost universally in churches of that date in France. The architects of the Decorated period, who have been so implicitly followed by modern architects, began to neglect the ancient rules; and our national conception of Gothic is founded rather upon their fanciful innovations than on the ancient and universally applicable laws which St. Charles prescribes. A return to the ancient plan would simplify our architecture, would purify our taste, would assimilate our churches to those of our continental brethren in the faith, and would distinguish them from the temples of Protestantism. At the same time, it would not interfere with the details or with the progress of Gothic art, but would, on the contrary, inspire it with a new life, by giving it a purpose, and furnishing it with a rule for its internal development. The late church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois at Paris is as good an example of a construction according to rule as any earlier specimen that can be adduced.

It only remains to say a word on the present edition of this book. M. Van Drival has given the Latin text of St. Charles without any translation; the meaning is always so clear, that no explanatory notes have been found necessary;

and the editor has confined himself to indicating other works in which further details may be found, and to calling particular attention to those passages which he considered to be most important, or which confirm the conclusions of modern archæology. A glossary of a few of the rarer architectural terms is added at the end.

As this book does not enter into the subject of architecture, so neither does it touch on the symbolic meaning of the parts of the church, which has been discussed by Durandus of Mende. Its character is simply preliminary and practical. It is a guide for the priest who employs the architect, even more than for the architect himself. Such being the case, we hope that a work so valuable, so easy, so small, and so cheap, will not be neglected by our English Catholic church-builders. For ourselves, we heartily thank the learned abbé for having rescued from oblivion so practical and so interesting a little book.

THE ANGLICAN CANON.—WORDSWORTH AND LEE.

1. *On the Inspiration of Holy Scripture; or, on the Canon of the Old and New Testament.* By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D. London: Rivingtons.
2. *The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, its Nature and Proof.* By William Lee, M.A. Rivingtons.
3. *A General Introduction to the Sacred Scripture.* By the Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, Primate of Ireland. In two vols. Dublin: Duffy.
4. *Prælectiones Theologicæ de Sacr. Libr. Can. et Auctor. Pars secunda, de Verbo Dei scripto et tradito.* Tom. ii. S. Perrone, S.J. Parisiis: Migne.

(Second article.)

IN a late number we examined the evidence of the Jewish writers—Philo, Josephus, and the Talmudists—and the decrees of synods from the apostolic age down to the last great Council of Trent, without discovering in either one testimony bearing out the canon of the Church of England. We now resume the subject, and examine into the last external source of proof—the authority of the early Fathers, taking care to notice every extract quoted by Mr. Wordsworth.

The earliest Father to whom reference is made is St. Melito, Bishop of Sardis in Lydia, A.D. 161-180:

“Melito to brother Onesimus, greeting: Since you have often, out of zeal for the word, asked me to make selections for you from

the law and the prophets regarding our Saviour, and the whole of our faith; and since, too, you wished to ascertain exactly the ancient books, their number and order, I have hastened to comply with your wishes, knowing your love for the faith and the word, and your esteem for all that regards God: striving thus to gain eternal salvation. Having gone, therefore, to the East—to the very place where the deeds were transacted and proclaimed, and having learned accurately the books of the Old Testament—I send them to you, arranged in order: Five of Moses. . . . Proverbs of Solomon, and the Wisdom (or ‘that is Wisdom’) Esdras.”

Eusebius, *Ec. His.* b. iv. c. 26, by whom this letter has been preserved, tells us distinctly that St. Melito gives the sacred books acknowledged by all as canonical. The reader will observe the omission of Esther from this catalogue. Can a better reason be assigned for this than what is suggested by the words of the holy bishop? He professes to give a catalogue of the canonical Scriptures *admitted by all*.* This is clearly the true reason of the silence of St. Melito; and it is one that will explain the omission of other books, as will not the wild conjecture of Stuart (p. 242), who deems it “more satisfactory to suppose a mistake by Eusebius in copying the document;” or the suggestion of Eichhorn and Hävernicks, who reckon Esther and Nehemias as one book with Esdras,—of which manner of computing no instance has yet been cited; or the gratuitous surmise of Cave, who divines that the Greek Ms. in the hands of the Jews contained the additions from c. x. v. 4, and were therefore rejected altogether, so indistinct was the impression of things divine and human, Jews and Christians confounded one with the other! Theories of this kind, possible errors against the uniform authority of Mss., derisive sneers at the religious feeling of the first founders of Christianity, may unsettle the best convictions, but never can solve a difficulty or establish an article of faith.

A very imperfect fragment, first published by Muratori in the *Antiquities of Mediæval Italy*, and ascribed by him to Caius, a Roman priest who lived about the close of the second century, is the next document quoted. Its great antiquity is beyond question. In a work on the credibility of Gospel history it would be of immense value; but in determining the canon even of the New Testament, on which alone it touches, it is practically of little benefit.†

* SS. Athanasius, Gregory Nazianzen, and Amphilochius, Nicephorus, Junilius, and Leantius omit or exclude Esther from the canon. “The Book of Esther,” writes Luther, in his profane *Table-Talk*, “I toss into the Elbe; I am such an enemy to this book, that I would it did not exist; for it judaizes too much, and hath in it a great deal of heathenish naughtiness.” *Kitto* in voce.

† This fragment may be seen in Routh’s *Reliq. Sacræ*, i. 394 (W. p. 342), and a curious comment in Hug’s *Introduction to the New Testament*, c. 3, § 19.

To the consistent Protestant even grave doubts may be suggested; after following the dim light of an old tradition up almost to its source, he sees it becoming gradually more and more obscure, and finally vanishing altogether, just as he hoped to reach the object of his search.

"I must confess," says the venerable editor of the *Reliquiæ*, after devoting a life longer than is usually given to man to their study, "that I never met an ante-Nicene writer who quoted the Third Epistle of John, that did not, at the same time, after mentioning it, express his own doubts, or at least those of others, of the genuineness of this and of the Second Epistle."

Another short note of Dr. Routh's will supply the best answer to those who would rely on the authority of "the fragment."

"He omits, what may surprise us much, the First Letter of Peter; though no one doubted of its authority from the time of Polycarp and Papias. And this omission comes from one who admitted all the other undisputed books into the canon of the New Testament, and even three of the seven disputed; while, on the other hand, he received no spurious book, except, perhaps, one."

Here, then, are omitted the First Epistle of St. Peter, the Third of St. John, the Epistles of St. James and St. Paul to the Hebrews; while the "Wisdom written by the friends of Solomon" is inserted expressly, "because," says Routh, "it was found in the Septuagint version, the *oldest Christians* regarded it not only as ecclesiastical and useful, but even as part of Sacred Scripture." Here, again, the bad faith of Mr. Wordsworth displays itself. He asks, "Is this Wisdom the same as Proverbs?" though he must know well no one ever thought so.

Now comes a more dishonest fraud. We charge Mr. Wordsworth with the gravest offence of which a controversialist can be guilty, that of plainly perverting the meaning of Tertullian, by suppressing most important sentences. The passage quoted is taken from the treatise, *De Cultu Fœm.* lib. i. c. 111:

"*I know that the book of Enoch is not received by some, because it is not admitted into the Jewish canon. I suppose they imagined it could not be preserved after the universal deluge. As Enoch spake in that book of our Lord, no part of it should be rejected by us. It would seem to have been rejected by the Jews for this very reason, as almost every thing else that regards Christ. No wonder they did not receive some books of Sacred Scripture, since they did not receive Himself speaking to them.*"

The Canon of Westminster gives the words in italics, and no more. Had this learned divine, so fertile in expedients, a

little more honesty, his pious prayers "for those whom Satan has bound for three hundred years" might be deemed more sincere and efficacious.

Tertullian most assuredly received as canonical the writings of Jeremias and Solomon: the 6th ch. v. 3-5 of Baruch is referred to thus:*

"They remembered the words of *Jeremias* the prophet, writing to those who were about to be led away captive: 'Now you shall see in Babylon gods of gold, and of silver, and of stone, and of wood borne upon shoulders, causing fear to the Gentiles. . . . But when you see the multitude behind and before adoring them, say you in your hearts: Thou oughtest to be adored, O Lord.'"

And the 1st ch. v. 1 of *Wisdom*, in like manner:†

"Our education is acquired in the portico of *Solomon*, who instructed us 'to seek the Lord in simplicity of heart.'"

There are many incidental allusions to *Judith*, *Ecclesiasticus*, and the *Machabees*; but the inspiration of these books is not expressly asserted, though the manner of quoting them is the same as if they were canonical. We shall not dwell longer on this subject.

Origen is the next Protestant witness. After the great doctors of the Church—Augustine, Jerome, Basil, Chrysostom, &c., no name in ecclesiastical antiquity is more respected for variety and extent of knowledge. Born at Alexandria, and almost a citizen of Rome—whose father might have been instructed, and perhaps was so, by the first disciples of the Apostles—he must have been well acquainted with the precise doctrine of the Church in the East and in the West. If Origen were a Protestant—as one who spoke so reverently of the tradition of the Fathers never could be—his single authority would bring more weight with it than the united testimony of all the reformers for the last three centuries. Now Origen's catalogue is given by Eusebius, b. vi. chap. 25, of the *Ecc. His.*:

"In his exposition of the 1st Psalm, Origen has given a catalogue of the sacred books of the Old Testament as follows: 'But it should be observed, that the collective books, as handed down by the Hebrews, are twenty-two, according to the number of letters in their alphabet.' After some further remarks, he subjoins: 'These twenty-two books, according to the Hebrews, are as follows: That which is called Genesis. . . . *Jeremiah, with the Lamentations and*

* Tertulliani Opera, adversus Gnosticos scorpiace, c. viii. tom. ii. p. 138, ed. Migne. Parisiis, 1844.

† Ibid. tom. ii. lib. de præscrip. c. vii. p. 20.

his *Epistle*, in one.* . . . Besides these, there are also the *Machabees*, which are inscribed *Sarbeth sarbane ei*.' But in the first book of his commentary on the Gospel of Matthew, following the ecclesiastical canon, he attests that he knows of only four Gospels, as follows: 'The first according to Matthew. . . . Paul did not even write to all the Churches to which he preached, but even to those to whom he wrote he only sent a few lines. But Peter, upon whom the Church of Christ is built, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, has left one epistle undisputed. Suppose also the second was left by him; for on this there is some doubt. . . . John also left an epistle, consisting of very few lines; suppose also a second and third is from him, for not all agree that they are genuine. If any Church considers the Epistle to the Hebrews as coming from Paul, let it be commended for this; for neither did those ancient men deliver it as such without cause. But who it was that really wrote it, God only knows. The account, however, that has been current before us is, according to some, that Clement, who was Bishop of Rome, wrote the Epistle; according to others, that it was written by Luke, who wrote the Gospel and the Acts.'

In this catalogue of the Old Testament, purporting to follow the traditions of the Jews, the twelve minor prophets are omitted, and the Epistle of Jeremias mentioned by name, and the Machabees even, which appears more mysterious still to some critics, though the number of twenty-two cannot be complete without them.† An error of Eusebius or his transcriber will, they say, explain every difficulty. Yet the minor prophets are not even named, and Baruch and the Machabees are included; St. James and St. Jude are passed over in silence, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Second of St. Peter, the Second and Third of St. John, are spoken of as doubtful; in short, if Origen is to be turned into a Protestant, we must suppose that the father of ecclesiastical history must have been napping, and those lazy mediæval monks sleeping at their desks, when so many grave errors crept into one extract of the deepest importance.

Again, what will the "error"-theory make of the following?

* "The only point that requires notice is the clause *Ιερεμίας συν θρηνοῖς καὶ τῇ ἐπιστολῇ*, that is, the letter of Jeremiah extant in the Book of Baruch, ch. vi. Origen could hardly obtain this from the Jews, whose traditions he only followed in general; but was led into the error by the practice of the Church, which from an early period received Baruch as a production of Jeremiah." Hävernicks, *History of the Canon*, § 15.

† *Ἐξω δὲ τούτων* is properly translated by Cruse; but Stuart makes it "extrinsic, abroad, foreign." Why give them a place at all in this list, then, more than, for example, Ecclesiasticus? and where are the twenty-two books without them? *Ἐξω* has not the meaning of "foreign to" always, as the professor contends. "Significat etiam 'ultra,' in qua sign. itidem cum gen. construitur, item 'præter:.'" Stephanus in voce, citing as illustrations two passages from the Scholiast on Thucydides: *ἔξω τῶν ἄλλων*, and, as here, *ἔξω τούτων*, being explained by *ἄνευ*, *besides*.

"In answer to the Jewish objections, thou must know how we should act with regard to the History of Susanna, which *is circulated throughout the entire Church* in the Greek copy, although not extant among the Jews.* . . . It is an old expedient with their so-called wise men and rulers and elders to suppress whatever could supply matter of accusation against them before the people."

In the first homily on Leviticus he condemns the Jewish elders for rejecting the history of Susanna: "But we receive it and cite it against them with advantage and with propriety."† In many parts of the letter to Africanus, Origen exposes the wily schemes of the Jews, who were corrupting the sacred text whenever it clashed with their prejudices. Like Tertullian, he saw the synagogue long since buried with honour, the holy mount of Zion a Roman citadel, and the dispersed people still clinging merely to as much of the worship of their fathers as would serve to mark more visibly their peculiar faith and wonderful destiny.

In the same letter Origen observes, "We should know that the Jews do not use Tobias and Judith, nor have they them among the Apocrypha in Hebrew, as I learned from themselves; *but since the Churches do use Tobias*, we ought," &c.‡ And again, "Which are shown by Raphael's offering to God the reasonable service of Tobias and Sara; for after their prayer, 'the supplication of them both, *as the Scripture says*, was heard in the sight of the glory of the most high God.'" (Tob. xi. 24.)§ Expressions implying clearly the inspiration of other books are frequent enough; thus of *Wisdom*, "I answer, if wisdom be the knowledge of things divine and human, how can the *Holy Scripture* define it 'as a vapour of the power of God, and a certain pure emanation of the glory of the almighty God. And therefore no defiled thing cometh into her. For she is the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness.'" (Wis. vii. 25, 26.)|| Of the Machabees,¶ "One of the seven brothers, as *the Scripture* expresses it, says to the tyrant, 'What wouldst thou ask or learn of us? we are ready

* Letter to Africanus: Origenis opera omnia studio Caroli Delarue, monachi Bened. 4 vol. folio. Parisiis, 1733. tom. i. p. 26.

† Ibid. tom. ii. p. 185. Sed tempus est nos adversus improbos presbyteros uti sanctæ Susannæ vocibus, quas illi quidem repudiantes historiam Susannæ de catalogo divinorum voluminum resecurunt, nos autem et suscipimus et contra ipsos opportune proferimus.

‡ Ibid. tom. i. p. 26. Εβραοι τῷ Τωβία οὐ χρωνται, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ χρωνται αἱ ἐκκλησiai.

§ Ibid. de oratione, tom. i. p. 213.

|| Ibid. contra Celsum, tom. i. lib. iii. 72, p. 494. ὡς ὁ θεὸς λόγος ὀρίζεται.

¶ Ibid. tom. i. p. 288. Exhortatio ad martyrium. ὡς ἡ γραφή ὠνομασε.

to die rather than transgress the laws of God received from our father.'” (2 Mac. vii. 2.) The reader will easily discern the faith and eloquence of Origen in the following passage :

“ Since Celsus ascribes these words to Christians, whom he regards as mere worms : ‘ God provides for us alone, and watches over us, neglecting the world and the heavens and the earth in its vast extent ; to us He sends His heralds continuously, ever anxious that we should be united to Him for eternity,’ we should tell him he ascribes to us words which never entered our thoughts. We have read and known ‘ that God loveth all things that are, and hateth none of the things which He has made’ (Wisdom xi. 25) ; we have read too that saying, ‘ Thou sparest all : because they are Thine, O Lord, who lovest souls’ (Wis. xi. 27). How could we say that the course of the heavens and the whole world was abandoned by God to provide and consult for us ; we who know we should repeat in our prayers and reflect on these words, ‘ The earth is full of the mercy of the Lord’ (Psalm xxxii. 5), and ‘ that the mercy of the Lord is upon all flesh’ (Ecclesiasticus xviii. 12), and that God is good, ‘ who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and unjust’ (St. Matt. v. 45.).”*

The great historian himself is now produced to give evidence in favour of the Anglican canon. Many volumes have been written to collect the views of Eusebius on the sacred writings, and the testimony cannot be very clear that requires so much learning and critical skill for its full development. As only two extracts are produced by Mr. Wordsworth, our attention shall be confined to these ; and, happily, they may be disposed of in a few words.

In book iii. ch. xxv. of his *Eccl. His.* Eusebius says,

“ This appears also to be the proper place to give a summary statement of the books of the New Testament, already mentioned. And here, among the first must be placed the holy quaternion of the Gospels the Epistles of Paul, which are followed by the *first acknowledged Epistle of John*, as also the First of Peter, to be admitted in like manner. After these are to be placed, *if proper*, the Revelation of John, concerning which we shall offer the different opinions in due time. . . . Among the *disputed books*, although they are well known and approved by many, are reputed the so-called Epistles of James and Jude. Also the *Second* of Peter and those called the *Second and Third* of John, whether they are of the Evangelist or of some other of the same name. . . . Moreover, as I said before, if it should appear right, the Revelation of John, which *some* reject, but others rank among the genuine.”

Also, book iii. ch. iii. :

“ As to the writings of Peter, one of his Epistles, called the first,

* Ibid. contra Celsum, tom. i. lib. iv. p. 508.

is acknowledged as genuine; but that which is called the second, we have not, indeed, understood to be embodied with the sacred books; yet, as it appeared useful to many, it was studiously read with the other Sacred Scripture. . . . I have understood only one Epistle of those called Peter's to be genuine and admitted by the ancient fathers. . . . It should not be concealed, that some have set aside the Epistle to the Hebrews, saying, that it was disputed as not being one of St. Paul's Epistles; but we shall, in the proper place, also subjoin what has been said by those before our time respecting this Epistle. . . . The Pastor of Hermas has been, we know, in public use in our churches, and I have also understood by tradition, that some of the most ancient writers have made use of it."

How these words can be pressed into the service of Mr. Wordsworth, seems a difficult problem. Eusebius regards the Epistles of SS. James and Jude, the Second of St. Peter, the Second and Third of St. John, and the Revelations, the Epistle to the Hebrews, as open to serious doubt, some receiving them respectfully as the word of God, some rejecting them as spurious impositions, and some hesitating between these extreme opinions. In all this, what is there to startle a sincere Catholic, who rests in the judgment of the Church, as authorised by God to eliminate the truth from amidst the various statements of individual writers? But what can the inquiring Protestant do amidst such difficulties, when he has criticism *alone* to guide him? Is it not clear that, just as he has no dogmas, so he can have no Bible? We pass on to St. Athanasius.

In the thirty-seventh festal epistle he enumerates from the beginning and in order the canonical books which have been delivered to us, and believed to be divine:

"There are, then," he says, "altogether twenty-two books, as many as the Hebrew letters. I give here the order and name of each, first: Genesis . . . Jeremias, with *Baruch*, the Lamentations, and the *Letter*; . . . of the New Testament, the Four Gospels. . . . For the sake of greater accuracy, I must add, that there are other books besides these: The Wisdom of Solomon, the Wisdom of Sirac (Ecclesiasticus), *Esther*, Judith, and Tobias, what is called the Doctrine of the Apostles, and the Shepherd; not indeed canonical, but sanctioned by the fathers to be read to those coming to us recently, who wish to be instructed in the doctrine of piety. And yet, beloved, there is no mention of the Apocrypha—the snare of heretics—whereby they may deceive the simple."

As there are twenty-two letters in the Hebrew alphabet, so, according to St. Athanasius, there are twenty-two canonical books, one of which is *Baruch*; and *Esther* is not of the number. The holy doctor had taken great pains, he tells us, to

ascertain the exact truth, because heretics had been corrupting the divine word, and thereby seducing the simple-minded; and his verdict is surely not favourable to the Anglican cause. But *his own private* opinion can be inferred with equal certainty from numerous references to the deuterocanonical books: to Baruch, with the formula, "*as the Scripture says,*"* *to prove the divinity of the Son* against the Arians, "I will cry to the Most High" (Bar. iv. 20);† *as the saying of Jeremias*, "This is our God, and there shall be no other accounted in comparison of Him" (Bar. ii. 36);‡ to Wisdom i. 7, "For the Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole world"§—as a proof from these words of the *omnipresence of the Holy Ghost*—a truth known only by revelation, and to be proved only by the inspired word of God; to Ecclesiasticus xv. 9, "Praise is not seemly in the mouth of a sinner,"|| adduced with the words of the Psalmist, "But to the sinner God has said, Why dost thou declare My justices, and take My covenant into thy mouth?" (Psalm xl. 16), *as being said by the Holy Ghost*. Indeed, it would never occur to the unprejudiced reader to question the belief of St. Athanasius in the inspiration of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus; for they are quoted as often and as unhesitatingly, and with as much respect and reverence, as any of the undisputed sacred books.

With St. Athanasius is usually associated the author of the *Synopsis*, sometimes even ascribed to him. The *Synopsis* is a brief index to the sacred books, with a summary of their contents, generally published with the genuine works of St. Athanasius, but admitted by all to be the production of a later age. We have the title of each book, and the first few words; then a fuller enumeration of these, with a valuable epitome of the matter:

"The canonical books of the Old Testament are twenty-two: Genesis and . . . *Esdras*, first and second; and the beginning of the former is, 'And Josias celebrated the pasch of the Lord in Jerusalem,' &c.; and the beginning of the latter, 'In the first year of Cyrus, king of the Persians,' &c. . . Besides these there are also other books of the same Old Testament, not indeed in the canon, but only read to the catechumens: the Wisdom of Solomon, the Wisdom of Jesus son of Sirach, Esther, Judith, Tobias. Some of the ancient writers have said that Esther was received in the canon of the Jews; and that Ruth joined to Judges was counted

* S. Athanasii opera omnia, ed. Benedic. Parisiis, 1698. Epistola de decretis Nic. Synodi, 12, tom. i. p. 218. ὁ λόγος φησι.

† Ibid. tom. i. p. 416. Oratio i. contra Arianos, 12.

‡ Ibid. tom. ii. p. 888. καθὼς καὶ Ἰερεμίας λέγει.

§ Tom. ii. p. 693.

|| Ibid. tom. i. p. 272. Epistola ad Episcopos Ægypti, 3. τὰ ὑπο τοῦ πνεύματος εἰς αὐτὸν εἰρημένα.

as one book, Esther as another; and thus again the number of twenty-two was complete."*

The New Testament is given then just as received by Catholics and Protestants; on the Old Testament canon alone therefore is it necessary to offer any observations. In the *Synopsis*, the third book of Esdras is canonical; and the first book is styled the second.† Baruch is included under Jeremias, as is clear from the abstract of that book: "One book is inscribed Baruch, because he wrote these words from the mouth of Jeremias the prophet; . . . it is called the Letter of Jeremias, because Jeremias wrote it to the captive Jews;"‡ and Esther is classed with Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus. Besides, to make up the twenty-two books according to the fanciful analogy of the Jews, Ruth is separated from Judges—a division fatal to the claims of Esther to a place among the twenty-two.

The Authorised Version does not sanction Baruch or the third book of Esdras; and it adopts Esther with the homage due to the inspired word, slighting the authority of the *Synopsis*.

The evidence of St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, who flourished towards the close of the fourth century, must be next examined.

"Of the Old Testament, as we said, meditate on these twenty-two books, which, if you are studious in such matters, take care to remember while I name them: Five books of Moses add to these five prophetic books one of Jeremias, *with Baruch*, the Lamentations, and the Letter; and of the New Testament, the seal of all, and the last production of the disciples, the fourteen epistles of Paul; let all the rest besides these be held in the second place, and what are not read in the churches, neither do you read them, as you have been told."§

The note of the Protestant editor, Thomas Milles, is the best commentary: "Observe, here *there is no mention of the Apocalypse of John* among the canonical books reckoned by Cyril; but, to avow the truth, not only heretics but even Catholics placed it among the Apocrypha." St. Cyril gives the names of the sacred books universally received in his time, as he prefaces this catalogue with the salutary warning: "*Learn sedulously from the Church* what are the books of the

* S. Athanasius, ed. Bened. tom. ii. p. 127. Paris. 1698.

† There can be no mistake on this head, because the summary contains the matter of the third book and of the first.

‡ Βαρουχ δε ἐπιγραφει το βιβλιον ἐπειδη γραψας ἀπο στοματος Ιερεμιου τους εν τῷ βιβλῳ λογους . . . ἐπιστολη Ιερεμιου καλειται ἐπειδη ταυτην εγραφεν Ιερεμias τοις ἐν τη αιχμαλωσια. Ibid. p. 167.

§ S. Cyrilli opera, ed. T. Milles, Oxoniæ, 1703, p. 66; Cat. iv. 22.

Old Testament and of the New, and read not to me any Apocrypha; for you who know not the books admitted by all, why weary yourself in vain about those that are disputed?" To us this appears the true solution; for otherwise many quotations from the deuterocanonical books cannot be well accounted for; thus: Wisdom xiii. 5, "For by the greatness of the beauty, and of the creature, the creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby," is cited as *the word of Solomon*;* and Ecclesiasticus iii. 22, "Seek not the things that are too high for thee, and search not into things above thy ability," precisely as the words of Job, with which it is united in the same context.† If it be understood that Baruch and the *Letter* are sacred Scripture, and the Apocalypse not so, by insisting on the literal meaning of the bare text of St. Cyril, we really cannot see how Mr. Wordsworth fares better than we do; and if so much is not implied in the paragraph under discussion, then on other grounds do we claim the weight of evidence as altogether in our favour.

St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, who died about A.D. 370, was a contemporary of St. Cyril. He says, "The books of the Old Testament are arranged thus, according to ancient tradition: Five of Moses . . . Jeremias, with the Lamentation, and *the Letter*; . . . some thought to add Tobias and Judith, to make the number correspond with the Greek letters."‡ In taking the extract, Mr. Wordsworth seems to have forgotten the meaning suggested by the previous reasoning; for St. Hilary had just explained other favourite Jewish analogies, and added then: "Hence it is the law of the Old Testament is divided into twenty-two books, to agree with the number of letters, arranged thus according to the tradition of the elders." St. Hilary gives here the belief of the Jews; his own may be easily inferred from the following allusions: Judith xvi. 3, and Psalm cxxv., are introduced thus, "Learning all these things from the law and the prophets, the gospels and apostles, and chanting these words of the law, 'the Lord putteth an end to wars, the Lord is His name.'"§ Judith is part of the *law*, and the law and prophets obviously indicate all the books of the Old Testament, as the gospels and apostles do those of the New. Again, Tobias xii. 15 with Psalm cxxix., "There are, as the Lord says, angels of little ones, who always see God: there are, according to Raphael, speaking to Tobias, angels

* S. Cyrilli opera, p. 115; Catachesis, ix. 2. *κατα τον Σολομωντα λεγοντα.*

† Ibid. p. 80; Cat. vi. 3.

‡ S. Hilarii opera, ed. Bened. Parisiis, 1693, p. 10.

§ Ibid. p. 409, "Discentes hæc omnia a lege et prophetis, evangeliiis et apostolis, et cantantes ex lege," &c.

who stand before the Lord."* Wisdom xvii. 1: The apostle Paul says, "How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways; and *the prophet*, For Thy judgments, O Lord, are great, and Thy words cannot be expressed."† Ecclesiasticus i. 16: "As the *word of Solomon and the wisdom of Solomon*."‡ Do not these expressions imply the inspiration of Tobias and Wisdom, as manifestly as if the holy father stated in distinct terms his own belief in their canonical authority? Protestants, in truth, take exception to the explicit testimony given to Baruch, and it is hard to suppose they will submit to any implied conclusions, however just and logical. They appeal to a judge whose decision, formally and virtually, condemns their unjust pretensions.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell at great length on the few passages still remaining; we must leave the application of the principles already explained to the good sense of the conscientious reader. What will such a reader say to the following from St. Epiphanius? *Mr. Wordsworth takes care not to give a literal translation:*

"If thou wert born of the Holy Ghost, and instructed by the prophets and apostles—proceeding from the beginning of the world in Genesis down to the time of Esther, counting the twenty-seven books of the Old Testament as twenty-two, the four gospels and the fourteen epistles of St. Paul the apostle, the Acts, the Catholic epistles of James, Peter, John, and Jude, and the Apocalypse of John, *the books of Wisdom*, I mean of Solomon, and of the Son of Sirach, in a word, in *all the sacred Scriptures*—thou shouldst condemn thyself because thou hast introduced a name found nowhere in them."§ "Thus, therefore, according to the Jews, the books of sacred Scripture are composed of four volumes, five parts in each, and two more besides: five of the law, five in verse, five historical, and five prophetic; there are two others, one of Esdras reckoned apart, and another called Esther: thus there are twenty-two books, corresponding with the Hebrew letters. As regards the two books in verse, the Wisdom of Solomon, called Panaretus, and that of the son of Sirach, who translated into Greek the work written by his grandfather in Hebrew, although useful and profitable, they are not counted in the number spoken of. Hence they were (or were not) placed in the ark of the covenant."|| "Up to the return from

* S. Hilarii opera, tract. in cxxx. psalmum secundum Raphael ad Tobiam loquentem.

† Ibid. p. 487.

‡ Ibid. p. 187 and p. 535.

§ S. Epiphanius opera, ed. D. Petav. S.J. Parisiis, 1622. (Mr. W. cites id. Colon. 1682, but the paging is the same). Adversus Hæreses, lxxvi. p. 941.

|| Ibid. tom. ii. p. 162. The Jesuit father approved the emendation enclosed in the parenthesis. It was suggested by the obscurity of the passage when read affirmatively—not a good reason why the negative should be inserted. The Mss. should be always followed implicitly, though they presented a greater difficulty than is found here, and though the conjectural emendation was more useful than

the Babylonish captivity the Jews had the following books and prophets: first, Genesis twenty-second, Jeremias, with the Lamentations, *his own Letter and that of Baruch*; these are the books given by God to the Jews, twenty-seven in all, but counted as twenty-two, according to the number of letters, by folding ten in five. There are two other books disputed—the Wisdom of Sirach and that of Solomon, besides others that are kept in secret (ἐναποκρύπτων).”* “The Jews have twenty-two letters, according to which they reckon twenty-two books, although there are twenty-seven; but as five letters have a double form, and thus become twenty-seven, yet are comprised in the twenty-two, so have they made the twenty-seven books twenty-two also: Genesis there is another little book called ‘Kinoth,’ that is, the ‘Lamentations,’ which is above the number and annexed to Jeremias.”†

We thought it right to give these extracts at length for the purpose of displaying the entire force of this testimony, because, it must be remembered, St. Epiphanius might have been present at the Councils of Nice and Carthage, though nearly a century intervened. He is decidedly the best witness of the faith of the Church during the long period of his own life.

He states distinctly that the *Jews received Baruch*, and, tom. ii. p. 163, *De ponderibus*, he repeats the same statement:

“Therefore these twenty-seven books, counted as twenty-two, with the Psaltery and the Letters of Baruch—although they *are* not found among the Jews, but only the book of Lamentations added to Jeremias—these were all in turn, in the manner described, given to each pair of interpreters; from the first pair to the second, and then to the third pair in order, until each book was translated thirty-six times.”

He receives Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus as *sacred Scripture*, though they were not reckoned by the Jews, or at least disputed. In fine, he always insists on the necessity of admitting twenty-seven books, however the Jews might have mutilated, or suppressed, or arranged the several writings and their parts. Already, it seems, had the heavy curse fallen on the stubborn race, and their religion was corrupted by superstitious forms and thoughtless conceits. The Jews then were not agreed as to the canonicity of Wisdom. Let us examine more minutely what St. Epiphanius thought on the subject. Wisdom is with him the inspired and prophetic word of God,‡ the

in the present instance. Of what moment can it be, for example, to learn that Ecclesiasticus was not placed *in* or *near* the Ark, when it is well ascertained there was no Ark when that book was written?

* S. Epiphanii opera, adv. Hæreses, v. tom. i. p. 19.

† Ibid. de Mensuris, tom. ii. p. 180.

‡ Ibid. tom. i. p. 97. λέγει προθεσπίζων το ἅγιον πνεῦμα.

word of Solomon,* and quoted frequently as the other inspired records, as Job and Daniel.† Nor is his belief in Ecclesiasticus less clear, for it is brought forward between Numbers and Kings as divine Scripture.‡ The plain assertion with regard to Baruch cannot be evaded; and Judith (perhaps Tobias), and of course the Machabees, could not be included in a list which only extended “to the return from captivity.”

It forms no part of our present purpose to prove the authority of *each* and *every* disputed or deuterocanonical book. Rather such inquiry is alien to the only object we have in view, which is, to show that not one of the Fathers cited by Mr. Wordsworth and Protestant controversialists generally, receives all their books and no more, or rejects all ours and no more. This has been throughout the discussion our single aim, and the remark must be borne in mind when examining the testimony of each of the Fathers.

Philastrius, Bishop of Brescia, is our next witness:§

“It has been ordered by the apostles and their successors that nothing should be read in the Catholic Church except the *law* and *prophets*, the *gospels* and *Acts*, and *thirteen* letters of Paul, and seven others—two of Peter, three of John, one of Jude, and one of James—which seven are joined to the Acts of the Apostles. But the *secret* writings, that is the Apocrypha, should be read by the perfect for the sake of morals; not, however, by all; because, not understanding them, they have added or taken away what heretics wished. *For the Manicheans received the Apocrypha* of St. Andrew the Apostle, the *Acts* of John the Evangelist, &c.”

Not one word of our disputed books; and Mr. Wordsworth conveniently omits the last clause, leaving his readers under the impression that the condemned Apocrypha are those books Catholics receive as inspired.

In the heresy that follows, the Epistle to the Hebrews is said not to have been read in the Church, on account of the corruptions of the Novatians and others; the Apocalypse is never spoken of by Philastrius. Yet he cites Wisdom, i. 13, as proceeding from the *prophet*;|| and appeals to the chastity of the *three children* in Daniel as *prophets*.¶ It is obvious

* S. Epiphaniï opera, tom. i. p. 543. καθάπερ και ἡ σοφία δια Σολομωνος μαρτυρει.

† Ibid. tom. i. p. 580.

‡ Ibid. p. 781. ὡς φησιν ἡ θεία γραφή.

§ Bib. P. maxima, tom. v. p. 711.

|| Ibid. p. 710, et alibi propheta dicit.

¶ Ibid. Hær. 61, p. 715. Nam quod et castitas similis fuerit in prophetis quamplurimis, non est dubium, ut in Helia, Heliseo, Daniele, Esdra, tribus pueris, et aliis multis.

the Old Testament was made up according to a common division of the *law* and *prophets*; but what books exactly were comprised under these titles is the problem so difficult to Protestants.

The Iambic hymn of St. Amphilocheus requires no comment. We give a literal translation of the salient points:*

“ I will for your sake name each of the inspired books, beginning with the Old Testament: Genesis . . . first and second of Esdras; next I will name five books in verse . . . *to these some add Esther*; of the New Testament only four gospels . . . fourteen epistles of St. Paul—*some say* that to the Hebrews is not genuine, but they are deceived. Of the Catholic epistles some would have seven, some only three; one of James, one of Peter, one of John, while others receive three of his (John's), two of Peter, and the seventh, Jude's. Again, some add the Apocalypse of John; but *the greater number say it is spurious.*”

Esther is doubtful, so is the Epistle to the Hebrews; four or five of the Catholic epistles are doubtful, and the Apocalypse more than doubtful. Truly the good Bishop of Iconium is not the champion of the Anglican creed—not a “defender of the faith.”

Another hymn from St. Gregory Nazianzen adorns the “Appendix:”

“ There are twelve historical books of the Old Jewish Testament: Genesis, &c. . . and *the last is Esdras* . . . and of the New, Matthew . . . seven Catholic epistles; and *whatever is besides is not genuine.*”†

The Apocalypse is therefore not genuine, nor is Esther. However, the exclusion of Esther may be explained, if we remember how carefully the word “Jewish” is inserted, and how frequently St. Gregory declares his belief in the divine origin of other writings:‡ “How can we maintain what the *Scripture* says, ‘For the Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole world,’ if God bound other things, or be bounded by them?” (Wisd. i. 7); and, “As a truth, inviolable as the word of Jeremias,” and Wisd. xvi. 21, as a proof of the consubstantiality of the Son.§

In another place St. Gregory is answering the common objection of the Arians from St. John xvii. 3: “This is eter-

* S. Gregorii Nazianzeni opera. Lutetiae Paris, 1611. Iambi ad Seleucum, tom. ii. p. 194.

† Ibid. tom. ii. p. 98. Carmen xxxiii.

‡ Ibid. p. 511. Oratio xxxiv.

§ Ibid. Orat. xlix. de fide, Rufino interprete, p. 732: *Et apud Salomonem, “substantia mea dulcedo mea est,” cum ergo hanc unitatem substantiae in Patre et Filio non solum prophetica sed evangelica auctoritate cognoscas, &c.*

nal life, that they may know Thee, the only true God ;” and he insists the words exclude only false gods, “ for how else will you reply to those who, urging your own objection, contend that the Son is the only God from these words : ‘ This is thy God, and no other shall be regarded as such ? ’ (Baruch iii. 36) ; for that he speaks of the Son is clear from the next sentence, ‘ Afterwards He was seen upon earth and conversed with men.’ ”* Is it likely St. Gregory anticipated the triumphant answer of a modern Arian, “ I don’t admit the authority of Baruch ? ” In the same sermon the unity of nature in Father and Son is inferred from the same words : “ *Jeremias—the most approved* of the prophets—knowing this unity of divine nature in Father and Son, says, ‘ This is our God,’ &c.”

We have now exhausted the armory of Wordsworth, with the exception of St. Jerome, to whom eight pages are devoted. To translate all these references, or to comment upon them separately, would be endless labour. The Catholic Church has done more to honour St. Jerome than any other father ; she has preserved not merely with respect, but with veneration, the noblest monument of his genius for upwards of fourteen hundred years, and then placed it on a pedestal imperishable as the “ rock ” which sustains it. How different the scurrilous obloquy of the great reformer ! “ I know none among the doctors to whom I am more an enemy than Jerome, because he writes only of fasting, meats, and virginity—a most superstitious monk, destitute of all theological knowledge.”†

If, in accordance with the rule sanctioned by the wisest of men, marks of fond affection were to determine the true parent, we could not hesitate to acknowledge the just claims of the Catholic Church. It is the less necessary to give all the extracts from St. Jerome, because those that seem most difficult may be found in his *Prologus Galeatus* in almost every copy of the Latin Vulgate. We shall merely show how much St. Jerome differs from the new reformers:‡ “ You ask of me the cause of the decree and providence of God : the Book of Wisdom answers your foolish question : ‘ Seek not the things that are too high for thee, and search not unto things above thy ability ’ (Ecclesiasticus iii. 22) And lest *you* may contradict this book, listen to Paul proclaiming with the evangelical trumpet . . . and to Ecclesiastes (of which book there

* S. Gregorii Nazianzeni opera, Oratio xxxvi. p. 586, and p. 733. Et Jeremias receptissimus prophetarum hanc unitatem deitatis in Patre et Filio sciens ait, “ hic est Deus noster,” &c.

† See other invectives from Luther, Rosenmüller, and in *The Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion* by Cardinal Wiseman.

‡ S. Hieronymi opera, ed. S. Martianay, Paris, 1706, tom. iv. pars 2da, p. 503. lib. i. dialogi adver. Pelagianos.

can be surely no doubt)." Again, "Be in peace with many, but let one of a thousand be thy counsellor" (Ecclesiasticus vi. 6), is brought forward with Prov. xiii. 10, "*as being contained in our books.*"* Judith, like Ruth and Esther,† "gave her name to a sacred book;" "and since the Council of Nice is said to have reckoned it among the sacred Scriptures, I have complied with your wish in translating it."‡ The first book of Machabees is sacred Scripture, and Ecclesiasticus i. 33 the command of God.§

But the views of St. Jerome with regard to the "canon" of the Church may be best learned from the bitter controversy with Rufinus on the subject. The latter had charged him with mutilating the holy books, "by suppressing the history of Susanna and the hymn of the Three Children—an impiety to which nothing could prompt him but base servility to Jewish prejudices." The "apology" of St. Jerome is contained in these words:

"Because I tell what the Jews object to the history of Susanna, the story of Bel and the Dragon, the canticle of the Three Children, not found in the Hebrew copies, I am accused of this. But my accuser shows himself a foolish detractor; for I did not express my own sentiments, and merely stated their objections, not wishing to write a book, but a preface, on that occasion: otherwise, because I said that Porphyry objected many things to the prophet Daniel, I am supposed to adopt his views, with no other space to refute him except what a short introduction would admit of."||

After a careful perusal of this passage, Mr. Wordsworth confidently assures his readers St. Jerome *retracts nothing*. Now, either St. Jerome in the preface to Daniel admitted the canonicalness of the parts now disputed, or he did not; if he did admit them, there was nothing to retract on *his* part, but a great deal on the part of Mr. Wordsworth; if he did not admit them, then we leave others to reconcile that supposition with the apology. The truth is this, St. Jerome marked with "obeli" those parts, because not found in the Hebrew copies, though he believed firmly himself in their inspiration: he calls them 'sacred Scripture,' "Unde *et sancta Scriptura* in exclamatione seniorum non opposuit magnam vocem, sequitur

* S. Hieronymi opera, tom. iii. pars 1ma, p. 34. In Isaïæ prophetæ cap. iii. unde et illud in nostris libris legimus, &c.

† Ibid. tom. ii. p. 681. Epistola ad Principiam virginem. Ruth et Esther et Judith tantæ gloriæ sunt ut sacris voluminibus nomen indiderint.

‡ Ibid. præfatio in Judith.

§ Ibid. lib. 5. Isa. ad cap. 23, tom. iii. p. 143: Et maxime Maccabæorum principium, hoc enim scriptura commemorat quod Alexander rex Macedonum egressus sit de terra Cethim. And Ezechiel. 9 cap. p. 766, dato nobis itaque præcepto quod dicit desiderasti sapientiam, &c.

|| Ibid. tom. iv. pars ii. p. 431, apologia adver. Rufinum.

enim clamaverunt et senes adversus eam." (Com. in Dan. c. xiii. tom. iii. p. 1135.) It was these very "marks" that gave offence to Rufinus; already too anxious, from his known hostility to St. Jerome, and to avail himself of this golden opportunity to assail his opponent, he put forward his accusation, as might be expected, not in the mildest form. St. Jerome replies, "I never intended to suppress any part of that history; I used these 'obeli' to indicate the deficiency in the Hebrew copies; I stated not my own views, but the objections of others."

But Rufinus is also one of the witnesses against us. If St. Jerome be on the other side, how can Rufinus be also there? They are plainly and palpably opposed one to the other, unless reconciled in the manner suggested, when both sustain our cause.

The exposition of the "Apostles' Creed" ascribed to Rufinus is given in the last volume of the works of St. Jerome by Martianay. After giving a catalogue of the universally-received books of the Old and New Testament, the writer adds:

"We must know there are other books, not in the canon, but *ecclesiastical*, as they have been called by our fathers; the Wisdom of Solomon, that of the son of Sirach, which book is called in Latin by the very name 'Ecclesiasticus,' not the name of the author, but indicating the character of the book. Of the same class are Tobias, Judith, and the books of Maccabees."*

Catholic writers never maintained that these and other sacred writings were always received by all without exception as canonical; but Protestant writers have usually refused to respect them as ecclesiastical; nay, they have denounced them as "sanctioning lies, suicide, assassination, magical incantations," &c. To Mr. Wordsworth's credit be it said, he deplores the excesses of those Protestants who now separate themselves from the whole Church, and even from their own predecessors. This, however, is foreign to the present discussion. What we should now keep in mind is, that a book may be inspired, but not canonical, when the "canon" was not yet fixed by a public decision of the Church; and also, that it may be on the "canon" of the Church, though not on the Jewish canon. Rufinus quotes Baruch iii. 36-8 as the saying of the prophet, and Wisdom iii. 7 as a prophetic allusion to the general resurrection.† Four other testimonies, not admitted to be entirely favourable to the Tridentine canon, may be thus briefly noticed: that of Cassiodorus, whose faith on this head

* S. Hieronymi opera, tom. v. in prin.

† Tom. v. p. 130 and p. 145. Quod et propheta prædixerat ubi ait, "Hic Deus noster," &c. . . . non erit jam difficile credere illa quæ prophetæ prædixerant.

is now questioned for the first time; that of Pope Gregory the Great,* who cites Maccabees as published for the edification of the Church; that of venerable Bede, to prove the superiority of the see of Jerusalem over Rome; and that of St. John Damascene, who regarded Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus as useful and pious, but not canonical. If to these we add a vain effort to trace some likeness between the Anglican and the Greek Churches, we have extracted every argument from councils and fathers, from reason and authority, scattered through the lectures "on inspiration." Having done so, we would earnestly request of the sincere inquirer after truth to weigh well their value, to remember that he has here all that is most favourable to Protestant views, selected carefully by men distinguished for talent and learning; and if, after all, he finds not one council or synod, not one father or ecclesiastical historian—not one of those cited by Protestants themselves for sixteen centuries—adopting their "canon" without reserve or exception, he may well doubt of the divine origin of the Church which makes it the sole and all-sufficient rule of her faith.

It is not our present purpose to detail the historical authorities on which the Catholic Church grounds *her* Bible; but we may give the dates of the few testimonies quoted by Mr. Wordsworth, which happen to coincide perfectly, and to the very letter, with the canon as defined by the Council of Trent:

The Council of Rome (Damasus)	.	.	A.D. 379
The Council of Hippo	.	.	„ 393
The Council of Carthage	.	.	„ 397
St. Augustine	.	.	„ 400
Innocent I.	.	.	„ 402
Gelasius I.†	.	.	„ 494
Cassiodorus	.	.	„ 570

It has been our painful duty to censure from time to time the wilful misrepresentations and suppressions of which Mr. Wordsworth has been guilty. We therefore conclude with

* It is so strange to meet with a Protestant Pope, that we have purposely abstained from refuting this calumny. Whoever will look at the index to the first volume of his work, ed. Bened. Paris, 1705, will be greatly surprised to find more quotations from Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus than from any other two sacred books. St. Gregory, as the Benedictine father observes, speaks in accordance with Jewish feelings, as if he said, 'Though this book is not received in the Jewish canon.'

† The authenticity of the decree is disputed. Mabillon and Pagi support it. Sandini properly observes, its authenticity is of little moment, provided its antiquity be admitted. We may be allowed to state, in conclusion, that we are responsible for the accuracy of each reference. We always, in every instance, consulted the original works.

extracting the two following passages from Cassiodorus in our vindication. Mr. Wordsworth quotes one chapter not found in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, as he confesses, and never notices the two chapters next in order :

“The division of sacred Scripture according to St. Augustine : Five books of Moses . . . *Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus*, one of Tobias, one of Judith, one of Esther, *two of the Maccabees*. The New Testament . . . (as ours). St. Augustine, then, according to these nine volumes just spoken of, *which the holy Church meditates on*, in the second book on Christian doctrine, comprises all in 71 books.” (ch. xiv.)

“The division of sacred Scripture according to the Seventy : Gen. . . . Psalter in five books, Proverbs, *Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus*, . . . *Tobias, Esther, Judith*, two of Esdras, *two of the Maccabees*, in which number of 44, the translation of the Old Testament by the Seventy is contained. (*Bibliotheca magna Patrum*, tom. xi. c. xiii. xiv. p. 1277. Lugduni, 1677.) Beatus igitur Augustinus secundum præfatos novem codices quos sancta meditatur ecclesia, secundo libro de doctrina Christiana, Scripturas divinas lxxi. librorum calculo comprehendit. . . . In quo lxx. interpretum translatio veteris T. in libris xlv. continetur.” (cap. 14.)

LAFORET ON SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY.

Coup-d'œil sur l'Histoire de la Théologie dogmatique.—Sketch of the History of Dogmatic Theology. By N. J. Laforet, D.D., President of the Pope's College, Louvain. Louvain, C. J. Fonteyne.

WE have noticed, even among some cultivated persons, a deeply-rooted dislike to any attempt being made to understand and to systematise the doctrines of Christianity, on the ground, expressed or implied, that all philosophy searches for something not yet found, that reflection is in its own nature sceptical, and that the *explanation* of a supernatural fact can be nothing else but the *explaining it away*. They are inclined to ask with Tertullian, “What is the resemblance between a philosopher and a Christian? a disciple of Greece and one of heaven? a candidate for fame and a candidate for salvation? Philosophers affect truth, and by affecting it corrupt it, because their aim is glory. Philosophers are the patriarchs of heretics.” There will always be found a whole phalanx of representatives of the practical and bitter Tertullian; able men of business, who cannot understand the use of

intellectual contemplation, who are always in a state of impatience at persons losing their time in metaphysical abstractions, and who are keenly alive to the possible dangers of studies of this kind. Such men will always naturally despise the mere theorist. But there are many other timid Christians, who, having been assailed by intellectual temptations and doubts, and having only overcome them by resolutely putting them away, or by passing them by, are filled with suspicion when they see a man reasoning with such doubts, and stating such difficulties with clearness and precision, though it is only for the purpose of refuting them.

To all such persons we beg to recommend this very short but very clear and able sketch of Dr. Laforet, which will, we believe, go far to reconcile them to the deepest and most subtle discussions on the Catholic dogmas. It is merely a republication of some articles which appeared in the *Revue Catholique*, on the history of dogmatic theology in the patristic and scholastic periods. He commences by observing, that Christianity has two distinct faces: the objective and divine, consisting of the positive revelation of God; and the subjective or human, embracing the progressive labours of the human mind on the data of revelation, and its attempts to systematise and explain them in dogmatic theology.

At the commencement of Christianity, the new converts found themselves in a state of too great internal peace and satisfaction, and in too great external turmoil and distress, to comprehend the utility or to have the opportunity of the questionings and interior debates which give rise to Christian science. The earliest apologists had not to trace the internal consistencies and relationships of the Christian dogmas, but to controvert the objections of the Jew, or to expose the absurdities and the immoralities of the Pagan. It was only heresy or scepticism, within the bosom of Christianity, that first set Christians to inquire into the reasons of things, and to be desirous not only of possessing and preserving the faith, but also of being able to give a rational account of it to any one that demanded it. Hence the first Father who has left us a controversial work against Christian heresies has also sketched out the whole domain of Christian philosophy and science. According to St. Irenæus, it is the business of the theologian to attempt to comprehend the data of revelation, and on the knowledge of the simple articles of the faith, which are necessary for all Christians alike, to graft the gifts of understanding and wisdom. The philosopher and the child believe the same doctrines, are saved by the same faith: the theologian adds nothing to the doctrine taught to all, for the revelation once

given is immutable. But while the one simply believes, the theologian seeks to give a reason for his faith, to penetrate and comprehend the revealed doctrines, and to explain the conduct of God in the spiritual government of the world. "He will expound the creation of God, and the dispensation which He made for the salvation of mankind, and will explain how with long patience He bore the fall, the rebel angels, and the disobedience of man; he will investigate the cause why the one God created things so different . . . he will trace the reason why God included all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all."

The school of Alexandria taught the same thing. Commenting on a text which afterwards became quite classic, "*Nisi credideritis, non intelligetis*,"—unless you believe, you shall not understand,—they, like St. Irenæus, divided Christian knowledge into two kinds: the first the knowledge and belief of the doctrines of revelation, and the second the scientific understanding of them. The first of these is the only base of the second, without faith there is no Christian science; but with faith, it is the noblest exercise of the human intellect "to inquire into the reason of the apostolic teaching."

We must pass over like testimonies from St. Athanasius, St. Basil, and the Gregories of Nyssa and Nazianzum, to come to the great St. Augustine, who demands a full and entire faith in the doctrine taught by the Church, as the indispensable condition for all scientific research into theology. But the thoughtful Christian, he says, does not stop at faith; he is not content with mere belief; he tries to understand the data of revelation: the theologian must labour incessantly to understand the things which at first he simply believed. "Unless faith differed from science, and unless it was necessary first to believe the great and divine doctrine which we wish to understand, the prophet would never have said, 'Unless ye believe, ye shall not understand.' Our Lord Himself, too, first of all exhorted those whom He called to believe; but afterwards, speaking of the gift which He would give to believers, He said—not 'this is eternal life, to believe,' but 'this is eternal life, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He sent.' Then He said to those who already believed, 'Seek, and ye shall find;' for that which is unknown is unfound; nor is any one able to come to know God, unless he first believes that which he is afterwards to know. Let us, then, obey our Lord's commands, and seek diligently." (St. Aug. de lib. Arb. ii. c. 2, n. 6.)

After St. Augustine, Dr. Laforet traces the course of dogmatic theology to the close of the patristic period in the person

of St. John of Damascus; and he thus sums up the results of his inquiry:

“Theology being the product of the human mind employed upon the data of revelation, could not be perfect from its commencement; but at any rate it was not slow to investigate its own nature, and to understand what it was one day to become. All the Fathers agree in declaring that the revealed faith is the starting-point, the foundation, the object, and the inflexible rule of theology. Without faith, no understanding, no science; that which is contrary to the faith is but illusion and falsehood. But the divine should not stop after simply determining what is of faith; theology does not come into being as long as the teacher confines himself to inquiring whether such or such a doctrine is revealed by God. St. Irenæus, Clement, Origen, Athanasius, St. Gregory of Nazianzum, St. Augustine, Vincent of Lerins, are clear on this point. To go no further is, in their eyes, to remain in the order of faith, and to be entirely excluded from the domain of theological science. Science begins to exist when man attempts to penetrate the meaning of revealed truth. This is what all the Fathers mean by theology; the attempt to explain and understand the dogmas is the great business which they assign to the theologian.”

Dr. Laforet then goes on to say, that of the two things requisite for theology, the investigation of the meaning of doctrines, and their methodical and systematical arrangement, the Fathers have exhausted the first. They have prepared all the materials, and have reduced to form, developed, and explained all the different single doctrines. In this view they are an inexhaustible mine. They have prepared and sketched out every thing. The most beautiful speculations of the doctors of the middle ages are there indicated and planned out. All the works of the scholastics were founded on the labours of the Fathers.

For ourselves, we doubt if this be not going a little too far. As Dr. Laforet says, after so many of the Fathers, it is the discussion raised by heretics that clears the Christian doctrine on the point controverted. Unless heresy has exhausted itself, unless there is no new phase left for error, unless there is no Christian doctrine or principle left that has not been the chief point of some sect's attacks, there surely will be a new development, a new explanation, a new application of some old truth to meet the new contradiction. That in this new development the method and the principles of the Fathers will be the guide of theologians, it is impossible to doubt; but it is as difficult to believe that the wise steward will not, with the old things, bring out also new things from his stores. Forms

of error which the Fathers never controverted must be refuted by arguments which they never used.

The second part of Dr. Laforet's work gives a rapid review of the principal theological works of the mediæval schools, in their three classes: positive theology, or the mere proof that certain doctrines are contained in Scripture; contemplative and mystic theology, such as that of Thomas à Kempis; and the theology that is strictly called scholastic, which introduced the most subtle dialectical discussions concerning the reasons of revealed doctrines. The great work of these doctors was the arrangement of theology, though they also developed the meaning and internal connection of its ideas. We need not enter into this section of Dr. Laforet's work, as it was mainly to establish the great principle of Christian science, namely, the right and even the duty of investigation and search *upon the foundation of the faith*, that we brought it under the notice of our readers.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Sabbath Evening Readings on St. John. By Dr. Cumming. (London, Hall, Virtue, and Co.) No one can deny to Dr. Cumming great rhetorical, if not dialectical art, and considerable fluency. But his controversial honesty does not come up to the Old-Bailey standard, and his thorough recklessness of assertion is worthy of Russian mendacity. His popularity, however, is a fact which no one can deny; he has as many readers for his theology as Robert Montgomery for his poetry; and though both authors are equally foolish, yet Dr. Cumming is certainly looked at with more respect as a *savant*. He is the authority who settles, in a letter to the *Times*, any knotty point of Popery that may turn up. It is said that, on account of his wonderful acquaintance with the natural history and habits of "the Beast," he claimed admission into the Royal Society, though that respectable body declined the honour of his company. Be that as it may, Dr. Cumming is certainly *the* learned man from whose decisions as to the horn that had eyes, the locusts with stings in their tails, and similar monsters, there is, in this country, no appeal.

Out of curiosity, we procured the present volume of his multitudinous works; and a few random plunges into its pages have satisfied us that there never was a greater fulfilment of the prophet's words, "Unless you believe, you shall not understand." Here is a man who, according to his own account, is always reading the Fathers, perusing Popish catechisms, buying up editions of Catholic prayer-books, and studying Romish sermons, who absolutely, with all his cleverness, does not understand the very first principles of Christianity. The first ragged little boy from any Catholic charity-school might put to shame his

"*inconsarible ignorance.*" We will give a few examples: P. 104, Dr. Cumming is showing why the sixth chapter of St. John, where our Lord promises that He *will* (of course at some future time) give His flesh and blood for food, cannot refer to the Blessed Eucharist:

"The first evidence that this cannot refer to that doctrine is a very simple one: the Lord's Supper was not yet in existence; when these words were spoken no such institution was known, no such institution was expected. How could Jesus explain the nature of an ordinance that He had not defined or instituted? I think this alone must be conclusive."

If Dr. Cumming would apply his argument to the prophecies of the Old Testament, he would find just as good reason to deny that they could apply to our Lord. If nothing can be explained that has not been defined before, we do not see how any thing new could ever be explained.

Again, the chapter cannot apply, because, by the denial of the cup to the laity, the Catholic is not allowed to fulfil our Lord's precept. Now Dr. Cumming either knows, or does not know, the doctrine of concomitance: on the first supposition, he is a knave, for putting into the mouth of a Catholic an admission which he knows no Catholic would make; on the second, he is a fool, for being ignorant, after years of study, of a doctrine which, with us, all children who make their first communion know and understand.

Again, concerning relics. "They parted His garments; His coat was without seam, and they cast lots for it. How little like the relic-gathering of modern times"—(as if in modern times, any more than in antiquity, it was the brutalised executioner who was expected to gather up and preserve the relics). "The garment of Jesus was parted into four shreds, the coat was cast lots for by the soldiers, probably sold to the nearest purchaser they could find; and then it disappears. There is here no canonisation of the taste or passion for sacred relics. And if we had these garments . . . the holiest treatment of them would be quietly to burn them."

Dr. Cumming, perhaps, hopes for heirs who will burn all records of him, and will spit upon his picture. Now for a little bit of scholarship: "You must have noticed, if you have travelled in Germany, that the expression for an inn is *ghast haus* (sic)—literally, 'ghost house' (!) that is, of a guest."

Behold, Exeter Hall, your prophet and your king! To us this unhappy man is only an example of the successful charlatan, trading on the ignorance and prejudices of well-meaning old women. His ignorance of Catholic doctrines is like a judicial blindness; while his cold-blooded application of infidel arguments and heartless Pagan principles to the dearest doctrines and most consoling practices of our religion shows that his heart is in no better a condition than his head. A man who would burn our Lord's sacred garments, who hates the Cross, and has no more reverence for it than for the gallows or the guillotine, and who takes every opportunity to reduce the Mother of God to the level of any ordinary woman, only increases the loathing with which we regard him by his hypocritical professions of a zeal for God. And this compound of twaddle and blasphemy provides their only spiritual food for thousands of our countrymen!

The Phasis of Matter; being an Outline of the Discoveries and Applications of common Chemistry. By T. L. Kemp, M.D. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Dr. Kemp fears that it may be said that there was no need of his book; and that if such a book were wanting, it should be

written by a professed chemist. We are disposed to agree with the imaginary objector; Dr. Kemp's book is neither new, scientific, nor popular: he has no fresh discoveries to bring forward; he is singularly shallow when he attempts to fathom the reasons of things; and his book is quite as much obscured with the quasi-algebraical formulæ, which look so strange in Gregory or Liebig, as if it was a professional treatise on the subject. The man is yet to come who is to give a romantic interest to chemistry; who is to celebrate the nuptials of alkalis and acids, and the intrigues of unstable salts, with the dramatic power of a Scott, or the fanciful originality of a Shelley.

Catholic Nations and Protestant Nations compared, in their three-fold relation to Wealth, Knowledge, and Morality. By Napoleon Roussel. (London, Ward and Co.) This work seems to be intended for a counterpart to Balmez' *Catholicity and Civilisation*; but in place of a philosophical discussion of principles and a judicious investigation of facts, M. Roussel begins with an assumption which no real Christian will tolerate, and then proves it by a blind hap-hazard use of confused statistics, intended to prove the acknowledged fact, that at present, and for the last century, certain populations, the majority of whom are Protestants, have been more prosperous and better governed than certain populations where the majority has been Catholic.

M. Roussel's assumption is that the true and the good "are but one." That "the good" is knowledge, wealth, and morality. That these are measured by the statistics of schools, of exports and imports, and of assassinations and illegitimate births. The population where these statistics are most favourable holds the truth in godliness; that where they are unfavourable is cursed with a false religion.

Just apply the same arguments to the Jews of the time of Augustus; a dirty, degraded, hoarding, cheating, superstitious race, they were the objects of contempt and derision to the prosperous Roman, who was maddened into fury at the impertinence of their claim to be the depositories of the sole true religion, as afterwards Tacitus despised the "execrable superstition" which was then springing from its loins. Then God's truth, as even M. Roussel must own, had taken up its abode in what the civilised, and wealthy, and respectable Roman pleased to call the most demoralised people on the face of the earth. Even if it were the same now, it would only be in accordance with an analogy of Providence. But in spite of M. Roussel's cooked statistics, it is not so, as any one who has lived in a Catholic country very well knows. England and America are no more the model-people of Christendom than Tyre and Sidon were the *élite* of patriarchal times.

The whole Evidence against the Claims of the Roman Church. By Sanderson Robins, M.A. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Robins isolates the doctrine of the Papal supremacy from all its correlative dogmas of the unity and infallibility of the Church, and then endeavours to show that we have not in Scripture or tradition any clear document which erects such a personal power in the world as the infallible Pontificate.

His book is divided into eight chapters. In the first he "sifts as wheat" the texts which controversialists quote in support of the privileges of St. Peter and his successors; and by the same process whereby Mr. Maurice eliminates hell, the Jews the mission of our Lord, and the Unitarians the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, he eliminates the prerogatives of St. Peter from scriptural doctrines. Quite forgetting that the Church existed before the Gospels, and that the Gospels and Epistles were not the Acts of Parliament which erected the Church, but merely com-

mentaries and memoirs which were designed for the edification of persons already Christians, who had already received the truth from the mouth of a living and infallible authority, he supposes that we cannot possibly believe any thing that is not first propounded to us in Scripture. Of course he does not see that on this principle we should not be able to accept the Scripture itself, for it nowhere defines itself.

Next he "sifts" the testimonies of the early Fathers, and the cases of ecclesiastical history generally alleged to show the estimation in which the Pope was held. In all these he thinks that by discovering a difficulty he destroys the collective proof; that by weakening each stick he nullifies the total strength of the faggot. He forgets the laws of cumulative evidence.

In succeeding chapters he pretends to trace the supremacy of Rome to merely secular and civil causes, and to forgeries and corruptions of documents. He pretends that the succession has failed in the Roman Church, though he weakens his argument by owning in the beginning that he does not understand what the succession is; a fact which is abundantly proved by his subsequent reasoning. Then he devotes a chapter to prove that there has been a want of unity in doctrine on the question of supremacy, Pope or Council; on Gallicanism and Ultramontaniam; on the doctrines of Justification and Predestination, as exemplified in the two tendencies whose extremes are Calvinism and Pelagianism; and in the case of the Immaculate Conception. The very existence of this chapter proves that the author does not comprehend his own argument. If an authority is required to decide on matters of faith, there must be controversies on which it is called to decide; and before the decision, neither side of the controversy can be an article of faith. Variations in belief show the necessity of an authority, as the cessation of such variations proves its reality. Mr. Robins' argument is, that there is no authority, because there has been occasion for its exercise; and that the very effects of its energetic activity (namely, the successive development of Christian doctrine) prove its non-existence; *i.e.* wherever there is an effect, there is *no* cause,—a new and truly Protestant principle in logic.

The seventh chapter shoots small pellets at the Council of Trent, and the eighth is devoted to picking to pieces the claim of infallibility. According to Mr. Robins, when we call the Pope infallible, we mean to endow him with "an universal certainty of knowledge." But we cannot test such omniscience without being omniscient ourselves; therefore the only persons to whom an infallible authority could be of any use are people who are just as wise without the authority, to whom it is therefore of no use. A state of religious doubt and uncertainty is in all respects preferable to infallible certainty. Surely there is an omission in the scriptural account of the Sermon on the Mount; it ought to say, "Blessed are the unbelievers."

Mr. Robins, with great parade of learning and candour, is as shallow, foolish, and unphilosophical as his compeers the Cummings and Achillis, the Noels and Stowells, the Tohus and Bohus of controversy. We have no doubt that his work will be praised as a miracle of learning; but it will be shelved all the sooner for that. It is just what might have been expected from the minister of a London proprietary chapel.

Scientific Certainties of Planetary Life. By T. C. Simon. (London, T. Bosworth.) A positive certainty announced in the title-page of this little volume becomes in the conclusion merely negative: "We see with scientific certainty that there is no reason to suppose the planets not inhabited." As for the probability that they are, the more

planets astronomers discover or assume, the less probability can they show for the belief that they are all inhabited by living creatures and moral agents. One swallow does not make a spring, nor does one instance make an induction. If our planet was one of six or seven, it would be a fairer instance of planets in general than when you suppose it to be one out of hundreds of millions. The wider the assumption, the less can it claim the character of scientific certainty.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

My First Season. By Beatrice Reynolds. Edited by the Author of "Charles Auchester." (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) We should not have noticed this insipid story, with its wax-dolls for characters, except that we think we can discern some traces of a good promise in the conception and portraiture of the chief character, Miss Beatrice herself. All the other actors in the drama are, as we are told, very clever; but we should certainly have failed to discover it. The heroine herself, though not quite such a genius as she fancies herself, has certainly good points about her, and for her sake we read her story, which but for her we should have thrown aside before we had finished a dozen pages.

The Araucanians; or Notes of a Tour among the Indian Tribes of Southern Chili. By E. R. Smith, of the U. S. N. Astronomical Expedition in Chili. (London, Sampson Low.) This is an American book; and though neither very exact nor very deep in research, it presents an interesting picture of the savage life of Southern Chili, and a sketch of the history of the free and warlike Indian tribes since their first subjugation by the Incas of Peru. The tribes were once converted to Christianity by the Jesuits; but since the withdrawal of the Fathers, they have relapsed into heathenism. Mr. Smith has not been successful in collecting their traditions; but he has stored up many valuable observations on their present customs and modes of living, which, by the way, do not much differ from the customs of any other savages, African or Australian.

A Visit to India, China, and Japan, in 1853. By B. Taylor. (London, Sampson Low.) Another American book, not deeper or more exact than the former, but written by a more experienced author, whose descriptions, though the fruit of a very hasty view, are life-like and graphic. Like Shelley, he enters into the spirit of the religions whose remains he contemplates. Not a worshipper, but a reverer of Osiris and Amon in Egypt, he is afraid to speak against Siva or Brahma in India. "The naked and savage Dinkas of Central Africa," he says, "worship trees; and so do I. The Parsees worship the sun; and I assure you, I have felt very much inclined to do the same, when He (sic) and I were alone in the desert." Even the phallic worship of the Lingam finds an advocate in Mr. Taylor: "There is a profound philosophical truth hidden under the singular forms of this worship, if men would divest themselves for a moment of a prudery which is the affectation of the age. The Hindoos are far less licentious than the Chinese and Mussulmen." With this view of the deep philosophy of Brahminism, it is no wonder that he looks rather unfavourably even on the attempts of his compatriots, the American missionaries, to convert the people to Christianity. Their present religion would be good enough, if it were not for the abominable knavery of the sacerdotal Brahmins.

It is very doubtful whether missions in general repay the vast pecuniary expense and sacrifice of life and talent which they exact. No results which he has seen have satisfied the author that this expenditure has been repaid.

Mr. Taylor gives a curious sketch of an experiment for imparting some sort of an education to the 2800 prisoners in the Agra jail. Some difficulty was at first felt, from their suspecting that some mysterious Christian doctrine lay covert in the multiplication-table and the spelling-book, but now all are willing scholars. Mr. Taylor saw hundreds of men seated at their looms weaving carpets and singing the multiplication-table in thundering chorus. *Twelve times twelve?* sang the monitor, in a shrill solo; *one hundred and forty-four*, burst out the chorus, in all sorts of voices. So in the black-smiths' shops, where the men were forging their own fetters, themselves fettered, and drowning the clang of the iron with their answers. "In the women's department there was a shrill tempest of vulgar fractions; the cooks recited astronomical facts while mixing their rice. Even the hardest cases, confined in solitary cells, were going on with their *a b, ab*, through a hole in the door, to a monitor standing outside. The murderers, confined for life, went through the numerals while they worked at paper-making." Some moral improvement seems to have resulted from the experiment, and there has been a great reduction in the number of punishments for offences committed within the jail.

The author's description of scenery, and criticisms on architecture and art, are well written and judicious. It is a book quite worth perusal.

Life of Thomas Young, M.D., F.R.S., &c. By G. Peacock, D.D., Dean of Ely. (London, J. Murray.) Dr. Young died in the 56th year of his age, in 1829, and it is only this year that a biography of him has appeared—for the memoirs of him, by Mr. Gurney and Arago, cannot be dignified by such a title. The delay has not been caused by any want of materials, or by any want of interest in the life of one of the greatest discoverers of the age, but by the infirmities of Dr. Peacock, who, twenty years ago, undertook the task he has but just fulfilled.

The present volume is open in some degree to the objections we brought against Brewster's *Memoir of Newton*, in which events are classed as in an almanac, where the battle of the Alma may precede by four days the death of Queen Anne. Perhaps it is difficult to treat the discoveries of scientific men in chronological order, but, at any rate, the memoir of their lives might be reduced to some consistency. One of the most interesting parts of the present volume is the sketch of the early self-education of Young. The account of his optical discoveries, especially his great achievement on the undulatory theory of light, and of his investigations of hieroglyphics, are also well worth reading. The latter subject necessitates one of those painful investigations into the honour and veracity of philosophers which continually remind the student that no intellectual endowments save a man from the common lot of the sons of Adam. However, if Champollion unwarrantably usurped Dr. Young's happy guesses, he at least proved his capacity of using them. The genius which could form such a system as Champollion's *Dictionary and Grammar of Hieroglyphics* has no need to claim the prize of the first accidental discovery of the principles on which they were to be read.

Sporting Adventures in the New World; or Days and Nights of Moose-hunting in the Pine Forests of Acadia. By Lieut. C. Hardy.

2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) Those who like to read of mild sporting adventures, mixed up with scraps of natural history, and with descriptions of the sights and sounds and smells of the forest, will find these two not over long volumes pleasant enough. They have no peculiar or distinctive character, and do not stand much chance by the side of the exciting topics which now engage public attention.

The Palace at Westminster, and other historical Sketches. By W. D. Arnold. (London, J. W. Parker.) This little volume, by a son of Dr. Arnold, whose novel, entitled *Oakfield, or Fellowship in the East*, we noticed favourably some time ago, contains four lectures delivered in the early part of this year at Kendal and Ambleside. They comprise a notice of the rise of our constitution, a lecture on the development of English power in India, a very interesting and original lecture on caste, and a fourth on the discovery of America. All but the third are more or less hackneyed and commonplace. We regret to find that a person of Mr. Arnold's talents should have adopted the vulgar prejudices with relation to the Catholic Church, even when recording the enterprises of one of the most illustrious of her children, Christopher Columbus.

Narrative of a Campaign in the Crimea, with an Account of the Battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann. By Lieut. G. S. Peard, 20th Regt. (London, Bentley.) Really a readable and life-like narrative of the events of the war, and of the life-in-death at the hospitals of Scutari. One peculiarity of this book induces us to believe that Lieut. Peard knows his business well; and that is, the contrast between the utter dulness and insipidity of his opening chapter, in which he goes over old ground, and describes scenery, &c., and the flow of his narrative when he approaches professional subjects. His book is a valuable contribution to the history of the war.

Memoirs of Philip de Commines. Edited, with Life and Notes, by A. R. Scoble, Esq. 2 vols. (London, Bohn.) De Commines has been called the father of modern history. He does not merely relate occurrences like Froissart, but he traces their causes and the motives and characters of men. He treats of the period from 1464 to 1498, a time of quiet preparation for the outbreak of the movements of the next century, in which the germs that produced the Reformation were secretly putting forth their roots deep in the earth. Every one who wishes to see an artless picture of the manners and customs of the middle ages daguerretyped on the spot should look at this curious book.

The Catholic Institute Magazine. No. I. Oct. 1855. (Published at the Catholic Institute, 8 Hope Street, Liverpool.) There are few things more promising in the present state of English Catholicism than the institution which is venturing into the world of letters in this new serial. We shall be much interested in watching its progress, and rejoiced to see its permanent success. The present Number is a very satisfactory specimen of what such a periodical ought to be. The reports of the lectures delivered at the Institute are particularly interesting. The essay on Politeness is also just the sort of thing for a magazine of this kind.

Sebastopol Sermons. Many are the curiosities of sermonising, as existing among our "separated brethren," as it *used* to be the fashion to call those who are not Catholics; but we have not for some time met with any thing more curious in its way than the following, which we extract from the *Athenæum*: "Another grievance, still wide of our espe-

cial province, which has given rise to a good deal of dissatisfaction, is the literary character of the great majority of our sermons. People fancy that, somehow or other, the clergy as a body do not in this matter quite keep pace with the times. Some months ago, a venerable Archdeacon charged his clergy to bestow more pains upon their pulpit-addresses, to take a wider range, and introduce into them a greater diversity of topic. These recommendations were shortly afterwards enforced by a leading-article in a highly important newspaper. The article gave strong expression to the general opinion; but we do not hear that much good has yet been effected, either by the functionary of the Church or by him of the Press. A correspondent (J. C.) sends us an anecdote which may perhaps throw a little light upon the matter. He tells us, that having on the late Thanksgiving-Sunday morning been annoyed by a nonsensical sermon in his own parish-church, he sought on the evening of the same day for improved spiritual food in the church of the adjoining parish. There, in due time, to his horror and amazement—he re-heard the same text given out, and was condemned to sit through the same identical sermon, delivered over again, word for word, by another clergyman. He was at first inclined to believe that this was mere evidence of the good understanding between the rector of the one parish and the curate of the other,—a proof of a kind of intercommonage between these reverend worthies, by which one set of sermons was made to do duty for two parishes. But chancing the following morning to take up one of the clerical newspapers, his attention was attracted by the following advertisement:—‘*To the Clergy.* SEBASTOPOL.—Sermons ready for Sunday next, being the day appointed for offering up prayer and thanksgiving for the capture of Sebastopol.’ Curiosity prompted our correspondent to expend half-a-crown in the purchase of one of these ready-made ecclesiastical articles. On looking at it, he found that it was merely Monsieur Tonson come again—the very same identical prosy thing, without religion or patriotism, that he had twice been entrapped into listening to on the day before. Our correspondent is extremely indignant,—but surely all this is very natural. Fuller quotes grave authority for the existence of a Saint Rumball who began to preach as soon as he was born. Our young lads are not quite so clever, but they begin to preach as soon as they are ordained; and as it cannot be expected that they should know much about the business (no pains having been bestowed on instructing them in it), it is not at all wonderful that they should occasionally take advantage of the frippery provided for them by some theological Moses and Co. Bad as the article provided on this occasion was deemed to be by our correspondent, it is by no means clear that he was not a gainer by the two clergymen having on this occasion treated their congregations with that which cost them something.”

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The Oriental Church. By James G. Pitzipios.—*L'Eglise Orientale.* Par Jacques G. Pitzipios, Fondateur de la Société Chrétienne Orientale. (Rome, Imprimerie de la Propagande, 1855.) The possibility of the healing of the Greek schism, always sufficiently interesting to the Catholic, is now rendered more so than ever by the events going forward in the East. Surrounded as we are in the West by Protestantism of

all sorts and shapes, it is interesting to speculate how we should deal with opponents so radically different in most respects—though not in all—from the followers of Luther and Calvin. At first sight it would seem almost impossible, that where the points of objection are comparatively so small, there could be any real difficulty in the way of submission to the true Church. It is, therefore, peculiarly interesting to trace in the history and present state of the schismatics of the East the working of those very same principles which give so much of its anti-Catholic force to Protestantism, properly so called. It is curious to see with what a uniformity of law, amid the widest varieties of form, the universal body of anti-Catholicism is pervaded by the spirit of Erastianism, nationalism, and formalism. Turn where we will, we see how they who profess to fly from slavery to the Pope take refuge in the iron servitude of the state; how they who protest against the exclusiveness and intolerance of Rome are forced into national and sectarian bigotry and narrow-mindedness of the most bitter description; and how those who claim the pre-eminent distinction of being spiritual and non-idolatrous Christians are in fact the merest devotees to forms, and servants of the letter that killeth, and of traditions as relentless as those of the old Jewish Talmudists.

M. Pitzipios' work before us is the latest and not the least valuable contribution to a knowledge of the past history of the Oriental schism, and of its present condition and future prospects. It sketches its rise and progress, with full details of the special points of controversy on which the separatists relied. Some of its most instructive portions are its illustrations of the actual relation between the temporal power and the schismatic bishops and clergy. It presents, however, as complete a *résumé* of the entire subject as we know of within the same compass. It is also remarkable as being written in French by a Greek; and altogether strikes us as a very favourable indication of the zeal and learning of the oriental Catholics—two points, indeed, in which every authority worth listening to describes them as immeasurably superior to the schismatics. It may be recommended to every one interested in the subject.

We quote one of M. Pitzipios' illustrations of the actual condition of the schismatic Greeks:

"Theophilus Caïry, a priest of the Oriental Church, a native of Andros, and a man of great learning and exemplary morals, after the Greek revolution visited all the cities of Europe in which were to be found Christians of his rite, and collected a large sum of money to found in Greece a school for the education of poor Greek orphans. This school he founded in Andros, in 1834, under the name of an orphanage (*ὀρφανοτροφεῖον*). The discipline, morals, good bearing, and progress of the pupils of this school attracted to it a large number of young persons from Greece and Turkey. Caïry, whether through excessive ambition, or for a political end, or from any other motive, then undertook to introduce into the East a new religion under the name of Caïrism, which was nothing else than Deism modified by some novelties of his own invention. He succeeded in attracting to this new religion not only the pupils of his school, but almost all the inhabitants of Andros, including a great part of the curés of the villages, and a large number of the inhabitants of the neighbouring island. When the pupils of the school went to pass their holidays with their relations, or returned home after finishing their studies, they propagated the new religion every where, and in less than six years Caïrism had spread immensely in Turkey and in Greece. The Greek government on one side, and the

patriarchate in Turkey on the other, took every means for hindering its propagation. But notwithstanding all their efforts, the societies of Caïrism exist to this day in the East, and work, though secretly, with the greatest activity. Caïry was arrested for the last time in Greece in 1851, on the ground of his teaching religious principles forbidden by the laws of the country. Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of his partisans, the government went on with his prosecution. He was condemned by the courts to seven years' imprisonment. He died in prison at the age of eighty-two, a few days after his condemnation."

Correspondence.

DR. MANNING AND MR. MEYRICK.

WE print the following correspondence; but at the same time we emphatically repeat our original statement. When Dr. Manning entered into the correspondence, he had no idea that it would be published, looking on it as entirely a private affair between two gentlemen. Of course he entered into it voluntarily and gladly; nobody ever supposed he entered into it by compulsion. In short, he was "entrapped." When, by and by, Mr. Meyrick wanted to print it, Dr. Manning was in a false position; he never intended his letters for publication; but every body knows the sort of use that an unscrupulous controversialist might have made of a refusal to publish, if he had withheld his consent.—ED. R.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Trinity College, Oxford, Oct. 22, 1855.

SIR,—I beg of your sense of justice the insertion of the two following notes in your next Number.—Your obedient servant,

F. MEYRICK.

I.

Trinity College, Oxford, Oct. 16, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—I have just found the following passage in the present Number of the *Rambler*: "The Rev. F. Meyrick entrapped Dr. Manning into a correspondence about the morality of the Saint, on the hypothesis that he really wanted to know the facts of the case. But no sooner does the correspondence draw to an end, than Mr. Meyrick announces that he intends to publish it. This he has now done." Will you be kind enough to authorise me to contradict this slander?—Yours faithfully,

F. MEYRICK.

To the Rev. H. E. MANNING, D.D.

II.

78 South Audley Street, Oct. 17, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—You have my authority for saying that you did not entrap me into the correspondence; for I entered into it gladly and by my own will, in the hope of a better result. I shall never be sorry that I made the attempt; my only regret is, that it had no happier issue.—Yours faithfully,

H. E. MANNING.

To the Rev. F. MEYRICK.